VOL. XXXII JUNE, 1936 No. 239

THE DICKENSIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

CONTENTS

"MAKING LITERARY HISTORY"

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A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE PICKWICK CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY

WALTER DEXTER

bove design is a facsimile of the cover of *The Pickwick Papers*, of which the

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VOL. XXXII. SUMMER 1936 No. 239

1836 1936

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Kent is continuing to show his interest in Dickens; he has accepted a copy of "The Origin of Pickwick" by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley.

* * * * *

Pickwick Dinners. The banquet at Grosvenor House was not the only celebration dinner for *Pickwick*. Members of the City Pickwick Club were the guests of their President, Mr. Herbert Bishop, at the Cutlers' Hall, and the members of the Newcastle Pen and Palette Club held a special Pickwick Supper at what was formerly the Queens Hotel (now the Liberal Club), where Dickens stayed in 1852. The Manchester Pickwick Club similarly celebrated the great occasion.

* * * * *

Dickens Exhibitions. On March 19th Mr. Walter Dexter opened the first of the several Dickens exhibitions arranged to celebrate the Pickwick Centenary. This was at the Southwark Public Library. He was supported by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Edwards), Mr. T. W. Hill, and Mr. G. F. Young.

* * * * *

Other exhibitions were held in Winnipeg; at the Public Library, Melbourne; the Public Library, New York; the Central Reference Library, Bristol; the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington; the Gulson Library, Coventry; the Mitchell Library, Glasgow; and the Pen and Palette Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

* * * * *

The Pickwick Exhibition. Mr. William Miller is to be heartily congratulated on his arrangement of the Pickwick Exhibition at the Dickens House. Every item related to *The Pickwick Papers*, and was of first-class importance. Readers who were unable to visit the exhibition may obtain full descriptive and illustrated catalogues for one shilling post free.

* * * * *

The gems of the exhibition were the table from Furnival's Inn on which *Pickwick* was written, loaned by Maggs Bros; the chair figuring

in Maclise's portrait, lent by Mrs. Hawksley, a granddaughter of Dickens; Seymour's original drawing of "The Dying Clown," lent by Count de Suzannet, and the page of *Pickwick* manuscript presented to the Dickens House in honour of the Centenary by the same gentleman. There are only six other pages of the manuscript in this country, and these are in the British Museum, where a special show was made in the Grenville Library. Five of these pages form part of Chapter 19; the sixth is part of Chapter 36 (the "swarry" at Bath) and immediately follows the page in The Dickens House.

* * * * *

News. Accounts of the proceedings of the Conference and the Pickwick Centenary were broadcast as News items on more than one occasion. Mr. George Remnant, who played cricket with Dickens's team at Gads Hill (see *The Dickensian*, 1934, page 117), broadcast his experiences on Saturday, March 28th. As News in the Cinemas, the Centenary ride to Rochester was filmed by Gaumont British, Paramount, British Movietone, and Universal.

* * * * *

Shop Displays. Many booksellers made special displays of Dickens during "Pickwick Week." Prominent among them was Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd., in Grafton Street, where the fine collection made by the late Mr. Sawyer (which comprises the famous Macgeorge copy of *Pickwick*) was on view. Harrods, Ltd., Sotherans in Piccadilly, and Spencer of New Oxford Street are also complimented on their special displays.

* * * * *

The famous "Simpsons-in-the-Strand" served a special Dickens dish, and printed an interesting souvenir-menu.

* * * * *

Advertising. Only a few advertisers took advantage of the occasion. We noticed only one in the press, a radio firm; but a Micawber poster for Eno's Fruit Salts has made its appearance, and very striking it is too. The firm of Seager Evans, who supplied gin to Dickens, pressed a "Pickwick Coach" into its service.

* * * * *

"The Northern Echo," of Darlington, is to be congratulated on an excellent page of composite advertisements in their issue of April 2nd. The Fat Boy eulogises lemon curd. Sam Weller recommends boots and shoes. Old Martin Chuzzlewit recommends jewellery gifts. Captain Cuttle discourses on the science of dress. Tony Weller recommends a capital bakery, "I eats 'em reg'lar, and feels a new man every time." Tracy Tupman makes love and commends the dresses of a certain establishment, while Major Bagstock tells of what the Duke said to him in recommending a certain snuff and tobacco—"a name a man is proud to recognise."

* * * * *

Mr. Pickwick appeared at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, as part of a scheme to advertise Southsea (Portsmouth).

Pickwick in "Punch." "Punch" celebrated the occasion with another cartoon by E. H. Shepard. It was entitled "Britannia's Fete Champetre."

"'Mr. Pickwick, Ma'am,' said a servant.
"'What, Where?' exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter.
"'Here,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'as I have been for a hundred years.'"

* * * * *

Mr. Shepard's cartoon by which "Punch" welcomed the Centenary Year was reproduced on the cover of the menu of the Centenary Banquet on March 31st. A copy of it appears on page 162.

* * * * *

Names in *Pickwick*. Apropos the note on Pickwickian names in the last number (page 158) a writer in the "Liverpool Daily Post" states that there *is* the name of a Mr. Pickwick in the London Telephone Directory; but we have failed to find it. However, according to this writer, there is a Pickwick living on Merseyside; and the Liverpool Directory reveals no less than forty-eight people of the name of Wardle, eleven Snodgrass, six Tupman, five Weller, and four Winkle. A good score that. A letter in "The Times" has revealed that there was once actually a Mr. Snodgrass who was a poet.

* * * * *

Pickwick's God-son. In the Monthly Bulletin of Exeter Cathedral, the Dean, the Rev. R. S. Carpenter, states that he is the great nephew of Charles Pickwick Carpenter, of Bath, so called after his god-father, Moses Pickwick. The Dean considers it "not only a pleasure but a solemn duty" to write something about *Pickwick* in the Bulletin.

* * * * *

'Call Mr. Pickwick." Another letter in "The Times" recalls the fact that the late Sir Henry Fielding Dickens was retained for the defence in a case reported on March 3rd, 1888, Marquis de Leuville *v.* the English Window Cleaning Co., in which a Mr. Pickwick was called as a witness. The said Mr. Pickwick was a descendant of the original Moses Pickwick.

* * * * *

Organist. According to "The Church of England Newspaper," the present organist of St. Michael's Church in Bath is Mr. Pickwick.

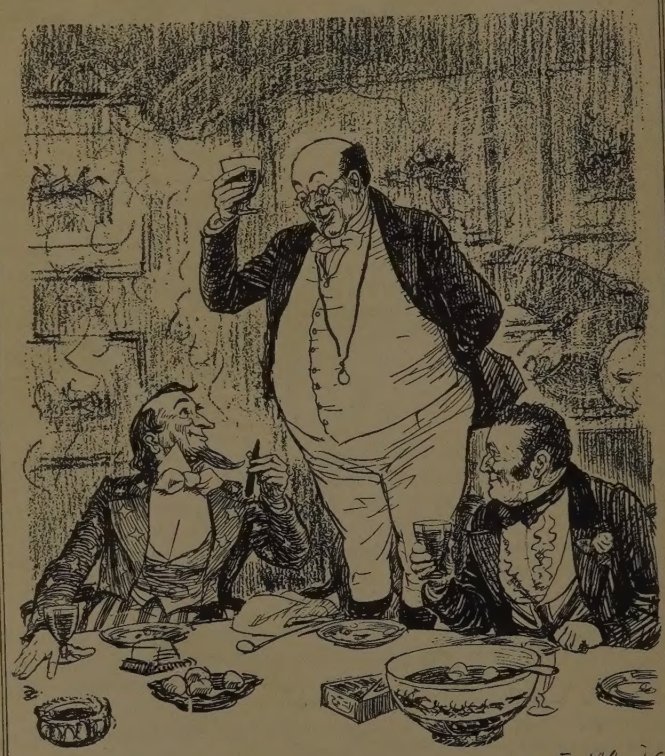
* * * * *

le Pikewike. A.D. 1274. "A.H.D." contributed a letter to "The Times Literary Supplement" of March 28th, noting that in Vol. II, p. 279, of "The Hundred Rolls," 2 Edward I (A.D. 1274) is a record of a certain William de Pikewike, indicted for felony, captured by the Bailiffs of the King and the Abbot of Malmesbury, and conducted to a Court of Justice at Dauntsey.

No *Pickwick* Film.

The Centenary was fittingly celebrated by Literature, the Press, and the Stage. But why has the Cinema been so behind-hand in taking advantage of the opportunity ?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 8, 1936



MR. PICKWICK'S CENTENARY, 1936.

"HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU TWO WILL ALWAYS BE AS MUCH LIKED BY EACH OTHER AS I BELIEVE THAT I AM BY BOTH OF YOU."

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch"

It must be quite three years ago that the present writer approached the Gaumont British Company with the suggestion that they should film Dickens ; but they shelved it, saying that the public did not like "costume" films. About six months later, when rumours were rife

that American companies were considering filming Dickens, the Gaumont Company announced in the press that *Pickwick* was on their list for early production. Again the matter was put aside; other British companies made Dickens films, but still no *Pickwick*. Then, about nine months ago, following their success with "Scrooge," the Twickenham Studios announced that they were going to film *The Pickwick Papers*. But a start has not yet been made. Probably it is the immensity of the task that appals both producer and director. But here is a suggestion: *Pickwick* was published in parts—it is a novel of episodes; why not a *Pickwick* series of "shorts" as we believe the technical term has it?

* * * * *

'Pickwick Pensions." "Pickwick Pensions" have been started by the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institutions. Dickens was President of this Institution for sixteen years, and his name is already commemorated by the establishment of two "Dickens Pensions." The number of the Pickwick Pensions are to be determined from time to time, and are available for candidates who may not be qualified for other pensions of the Institution.

* * * * *

***Pickwick* Illustrators.** We have already noted in these pages the continued errors made in the press concerning Dickens's illustrators. But the palm must surely be awarded to 'Londoner" in the "Evening Standard." When other papers have been full of the story of the origin of *Pickwick*, it is curious that this writer, who poses as being well informed on many subjects, should state, "After seven numbers had been published, Dickens became dissatisfied with Seymour's illustrations, and advertised for a new illustrator. Seymour blew out his brains, and his place was taken by Hablot Knight Browne, or "Phiz" . . . Browne had a paralytic stroke in 1867, and George Cruikshank succeeded him as Dickens's illustrator." There are no less than six errors in these few lines. Where do these journalists get their information? We now wonder how much truth there is in the daily three columns of latest information which this writer professes to give us every evening.

* * * * *

We do not know who is responsible for the book reviews in "Current Literature," but somebody made a sorry mess of things in the April number, in reviewing "The Origin of Pickwick," repeating the old story of Seymour shooting himself in consequence of the receipt of the letter from Dickens asking him to redraw the picture of "The Dying Clown," and adding that he was succeeded by Boz as Pickwick's illustrator. This is a clear example of the reviewer who fails to read the book.

* * * * *

George Hogarth. According to the "Halifax Weekly Courier," George Hogarth was a former newspaper editor in Halifax. The town has a Dickens Street, and also a Gads Hill House, with a room modelled after the Luke Fildes' picture of "The Empty Chair."

Following the Centenary Ride to Rochester, Mr. Bertram Mills drove the "Commodore" Coach to Richmond; also to Hampstead and lunched at Jack Straw's Castle.

* * * * *

Autographed Wine. According to a letter in "The Observer" from the daughter of the late H. G. Ashton, who bought some of Dickens's cellar at the Gads Hill sale in 1870, this included a quantity of '47 Port, of which she has kept one bottle and preserved it in a frame. From this it appears that Dickens used to autograph his wine. The daughter tells us that her mother remembers that all the bottles were autographed, and it was only after some time that her mother was struck with the fact that these bottles were great mementoes; but by then most of them had disappeared and only one was saved.

* * * * *

More Centenary Celebrations. We are pleased to hear from Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell that Bath intends to celebrate the Centenary of the Bath scenes in *Pickwick* on the proper occasion, that is to say, next year.

* * * * *

The "Bury Free Press" rightly asks "What is Bury St. Edmunds doing to celebrate the Pickwick centenary." Perhaps if they formed a branch of the Dickens Fellowship in their town, it would be a good beginning; and then follow the example of Bath.

* * * * *

English Plus American. Sir William Craigie, co-editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, says that Dickens was one of the first importers of American words into the English language, and instances the use of the word "loafer" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It would be interesting to have an extension of this subject. Meanwhile, it might be noted that "cocktail" figures in Chapter 16 of that book, as one of the drinks of Major Pawkins.

* * * * *

The *Copperfield* Film. A copy of the *David Copperfield* film has been presented to The Dickens House by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co. There was a pleasant little ceremony in Doughty Street when Mrs. Copperfield, in the person of Miss Elizabeth Allen, made the presentation to Sir John Martin Harvey as representing the Fellowship.

* * * * *

The Dickens Grace. A little more than a year ago, in an article in "The Daily Mail," I ventured to propose that at dinners to celebrate the anniversary of Dickens's birth a special Grace should be said, and suggested, "For the genius of Dickens may Heaven make us truly thankful." At the Pickwick Centenary Banquet the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury said Grace in these simple words: "For food and Fellowship and the memory of Charles Dickens, thank God."

WALTER DEXTER.

THE PICKWICKIANS AGAIN GO TO ROCHESTER BY STAGE COACH

By S. J. RUST

THAT famous coaching inn, the Golden Cross, was demolished to clear the site for Trafalgar Square before the publication of *The Pickwick Papers*, and its successor, a few yards eastward, has gone the way of many a well-known landmark of ever-changing London. Consequently, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick, with his friends Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass, decided to repeat the historic ride, they assembled in the outer office of a Cable Company. This suited Mr. Pickwick's plans, for he hoped to compare the world of 1936 with that of 1836 in every way, and here he was starting from an office which claimed to send a message to Australia in less time than the fastest messenger of his time could have delivered it at Westminster Hall.

The office appeared to be the rendezvous of the coach passengers, for a strange gentleman followed the Pickwickians through its doors. This shabby genteel individual asked the price of sending a message of a hundred and fifty words or so to his agent at Singapore; and, hearing the rate, remarked, "Very reasonable. Cannot send now. Important message. Condensation difficult. Must catch Rochester stage. Booked outside seat. Send letter. Air-mail. Know me next time. Alfred Jingle, Esquire." Later another gentleman entered—a handsome well-dressed gentleman with a broad, engaging smile. He was accompanied by three smartly dressed ladies, who, in contrast to the demureness which Mr. Pickwick reckoned as one of the charms of the weaker sex, immediately, without introduction, entered into lively badinage with Tupman and Jingle, and let it be known that they also had booked seats on the outside—yes, the outside—of the coach. Truly a great change has come over the ladies since Pickwick's day.

Instead of the quiet seclusion of an inn yard, Mr. Pickwick found that he must mount to the seat by the driver in the busiest part of the Strand. Not only was a crowd of curious sight-seers watching this performance, but a score of photographers levelled their cameras at him. He was requested to look left, look right, look straight ahead, to lift his hat, to keep it on—in short, to do so many contradictory things at once that he became quite bewildered. He continued to smile, however, for he reminded himself that, while he experienced this popularity but once in a hundred years, there were some, called film stars, who suffered it daily.

A cablegram was handed to him which had gone all round the world while they waited to start, and came back wishing him and his friends a happy and successful journey. With such good wishes, and the finest whip in England on the box, they set off, at ten minutes past nine down Whitehall, where, at so early an hour on Monday morning, circumlocution had scarce recovered from its week-end rest. As they passed the clock tower of Big Ben, Mr. Pickwick endeavoured to recall

the Houses of Parliament of his day, but, except that they were not nearly so imposing as the modern Gothic edifice, he found that their architectural features escaped his memory.

Now they began to experience the discomforts of modern traffic. Treacherous tram-lines gripped the wheels of the coach. Traffic lights, whose purpose and nature Winkle endeavoured to explain, showed a forbidding red light, which turned to a welcoming green as they approached. Soon Mr. Pickwick discovered that such obstacles presented no difficulty to the driver, who swept past the red light with royal indifference.

This sense of royalty gained strength as they passed the Elephant and Castle. The smiling stranger, who knows this neighbourhood well, had warned them of the intricate interlacing of streets, which seem to lead to everywhere, especially to the next world; but the traffic stopped on all sides to enable them to pass through to New Kent Road, as safely as the Israelites crossed the Red Sea.

As they entered the Old Kent Road, Mr. Pickwick's expectations rose high, for he had always regarded this highway as the centre of the ready, witty coster. Great was his disappointment as one pushing an empty barrow gave one melancholy glance, and turned disdainfully away. Nowhere could they raise a smile except from a matron who greeted them enthusiastically from an undertaker's window. After ogling two young women without success, Tupman exclaimed with disgust, "It's the pictures. Everybody is blasé. Nothing is worth noticing that is not on the screen. They'll smile at us if we are filmed."

"It's Monday morning," commented Snodgrass, with all of a poet's obscurity.

"Remember 1931," interposed Alfred Jingle. "Depression. Hit Old Kent Road. Brave fellows. Bold faces. Stiff upper lips. Next year, depression continues. Still stiff upper lip. Now depression over. Greater prosperity. But, very sad. Upper lip frozen stiff. Can't smile. Distressing."

There is no longer a toll gate at New Cross; but Loam Pit Hill proved a more serious impediment, for constant wearing by rubber tyres has given its granite sets a surface like glass. However, the skilful driver brought the horses down safely by keeping them between the tramlines.

The ten-minutes lateness at starting was reduced to one minute when they stopped at the Greyhound at Eltham for the first change of horses. The stop was necessarily brief, but here the coachman handed over the "ribbons" to his son. Clearly here "a Mills unto a Mills succeeded" for the young man showed that few, including his father, could teach him much of handling horses.

A longer pause at the Black Prince at Bexley enabled Snodgrass to wax poetic on the quality of the Kentish ales, and Tupman to become equally enthusiastic on the Kentish smiles, but Mr. Pickwick found the photographers as pestiferous as ever.

The route now lay along old Watling Street, widened and paved beyond all recognition. At the corner of the Swanscombe road four

splendid piebalds were waiting to take the coach for the last third of ts journey. Here Mr. Pickwick learned further facts of the progress of the ladies, for a young lady begged him to accept her buttonhole.

(By kind permission of Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd.)

was obviously embarrassed. This seemed to indicate a reversion the sexes. But the young lady was so charming, the orchid so ely beautiful, and Tupman so palpably jealous, that he accepted,

murmuring thanks most inadequately. Quickly the piebalds covered the road to the Toll Gate Inn, where a longer stop was made, and Kentish ladies were again toasted in Kentish ale.

The weather was fine and warm for March, but as they drove through the beautiful Cobham Woods a few drops of rain fell. The rain producer, however, relented as soon as it began, and the shower ceased before they had passed Cobham Park. They looked with reverence towards the mound behind which lies Gads Hill, and they rejoiced at the first sight of the Medway. They did so the more because Winkle, whose strong subject is certainly not geography, had insisted that the Thames, of which they had obtained sundry glimpses, must be the famous mid-Kent river.

The coach crossed Rochester Bridge dead on time, and, after a slight pause at the Bull, moved on to the City Hall where the Mayor welcomed the party, and Mr. Pickwick responded by drinking the health of the Mayor and prosperity to the City of Rochester.

The Mayor of Rochester presided at luncheon, supported by the Mayoress, the Lord Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Linton Smith, the Dowager Countess of Darnley, the Dean of Rochester and Miss Underhill, Mrs. Prall, Rear-Admiral C. F. S. Danby (Admiral Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard) and Miss Danby, Sir Edward Willis, J.P., Alderman Charles Willis, J.P., Alderman F. F. Smith, Alderman R. W. Dale, J.P., the Town Clerk of Rochester and Mrs. Percival, Mr. Henry Smetham, and Councillor J. T. Hawes.

Geraniums decorated the head table, the waitresses were charmingly dressed in Victorian costume.

Grace was pronounced by the Lord Bishop.

Mr. T. W. Hill, after the loyal toasts had been enthusiastically honoured, proposed "The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Rochester."

Mr. Hill fancifully suggested that the City of Rochester was created on purpose for Charles Dickens to live there. Rochester, however, had a wonderful history long before Dickens was thought of, but to speak of the history of Rochester on such an occasion was like bringing coals to Newcastle or aircraft factories to the Medway.

A hundred years in Rochester's long and chequered history was a very small span indeed, but as enthusiastic Dickensians they did hope that posterity would place Pickwick, Dickens and Rochester side by side in their historic associations.

If ever it was decided there was a need to improve the Coat of Arms of the City of Rochester, there should be placed in the quarterings one Rosa Bud blushing and on the other side one Pip rampant (laughter). And for supporters, he added, they might have two Dickensians armed with microscopes looking for clues for Edwin Drood (renewed laughter).

The Mayor of Rochester responding, said I think I can say without exaggeration that this is an historic occasion. To-day, you Dickensians have undertaken something in the nature of a pilgrimage to this ancient City, and we welcome you. From the four corners

f the earth you have come, enthusiastic students and lovers of the nmortal works of Charles Dickens. Even Mr. Pickwick has repeated is journey—and the old High Street has echoed once more to the ousing call of the post horn.

Roman, Saxon, Norman, Rochester—all are here for your delight, nd last, but not least, Dickensian Rochester, with which you are lready well acquainted through the pages of our silent friends on the ookshelves.

You will not find Rochester quite the Cloisterham of the novel. ince Mr. Pickwick's original journey much progress has been made—t least, I hope so ; but everywhere you will find, carefully preserved, hose links with the past which attract visitors from all parts of the orld, and of which the ancient City is a veritable treasure house. What our treasures are I have no doubt you know as well or better han I, and I can well imagine that some of you, who may be here erhaps for the first time, are even at this very moment impatient o be off, keen to absorb the local "atmosphere," to enjoy in reality nay be what have hitherto existed merely as mind pictures evolved y the masterly pen when sitting in front of your own cosy firesides.

I can assure you that the City of Rochester is proud of its associations ith Charles Dickens and his great works, and that we are honoured y your presence here to-day. I sincerely hope that your visit to Rochester will be one of the outstanding events of your Centenary elebrations, and that you may long couple our old City with pleasant ecollections of a day well spent, and perhaps return at your leisure.

The Dean of Rochester proposed the toast of "The Immortal Mr. Pickwick." He referred to himself as one who had been nourished nd brought up on Dickens, and he mentioned that when he was e-reading *The Pickwick Papers* for the sixth or seventh time a few nonths ago he found himself enjoying the book as much as—or even nore than—ever. And it was for this reason : because of the age f the person who wrote it.

That a brilliant person like Dickens should be able to draw a picture f the early Pickwick was easy enough to understand, but that a man n the 'twenties, as he than was, should be able to develop that character o a ripe old age was more remarkable still.

Quoting "chapter and verse" from *The Pickwick Papers*, the Dean xplained how the genius of Dickens was able to transform the Mr. Pickwick, who was the comic figure of fun in the earlier chapters of he novel, into the dear, dignified, middle-aged English gentleman nd humanitarian of the later and concluding chapters. When Mr. Pickwick went to prison he came face to face with sordid misery and ragedy and evil and pain in their most poignant expression, and the esult of that was a very remarkable deepening of character. When he came out of prison he forgave Mrs. Bardell and even Mr. Jingle, ut, thank God, the Dean added, he never forgave Dodson and Fogg, Dickens made of Pickwick a figure to love and revere.

The Dean went on to show how the two other greatest characters n the book—Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller, were wonderfully adjusted o the hero. Mr. Wardle was a very fine type of kindly old yeoman horoughly deserving of Mr. Pickwick's description of him as "a very noble person," and Sam Weller was a very brilliant person.

The Dean said he wondered whether Dickens was thinking of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza when he decided to create both Mr. Pickwick

and Sam Weller. They could not think of toasting Mr. Pickwick that day without remembering Sam Weller, for Samuel was as great a figure in English literature as Sir John Falstaff—and he was a far better man than Sir John. His humour was spontaneous—it bubbled up like a natural spring. They laughed with Sam—not at him, and he was wiser than his dear master himself.

Mr. S. J. Rust, as Mr. Pickwick, replied, thanking the gathering for the way they had drunk his immortal health. One great advantage of being a character of fiction, he said, was that one could look forward to immortality with equanimity.

Mr. Rust, speaking as Mr. Pickwick, said Dr. Underhill has pointed out I improved in character as time went on. While in London I was rather more interested in matters of natural history, such as the study of titlebats, or in local geography, such as the tracing of the sources of the Hampstead Ponds, but when I came to Kent and Rochester, I found that study should not only be a study of antiquarianism but also of humanity. And in Rochester I found those types which not only led to a development of my mind but a probable broadening of my soul, I hope. On the way here from London I particularly noticed the expression of melancholy on the faces of the people we passed. Only one bright cheerful smile greeted us—and that was from a matronly lady who was looking out of a window at a funeral furnisher's in the Old Kent Road. When we came to Rochester, however, they were greeted with the smiles which gave to England the name of Merrie England, and suggested that although the Rochester people had no doubt had their bit of depression to contend with, too, they knew how to meet it with a glorious smile.

Dr. Underhill mentioned my servant Sam Weller, and I want to say how thankful I am that that wonderful type of old-fashioned servant has not entirely gone.

THE ORIGIN OF *PICKWICK*

THE true and complete history* of *The Pickwick Papers* has been written for the first time: a fitting centenary tribute paid to that immortal work by the two foremost Dickensians of our day.

Histories of *Pickwick* have been attempted by many writers. In his Preface to the First Cheap Edition (1847), Charles Dickens himself made known the circumstances of the *Papers*' original appearance in monthly numbers. Seven years later the widow of Robert Seymour wrote an insane pamphlet in order to prove that her husband, and not Dickens, had been the true originator of Pickwick. Then, of course, no "Life of Dickens" is without its Pickwick chapter: Shelton Mackenzie, "Th. Taylor," G. A. Sala, Forster, and all the later biographers have told the story very much as Dickens first gave it to the world. While Percy Fitzgerald's "History of Pickwick" (1891) is only of the slightest historical value, other Dickensians (John Dexter, F. G. Kitton, and J. Grego, to mention only the most important) have added at various times to our knowledge of the subject.

* "The Origin of *Pickwick*," by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 5s.

But it was reserved for Messrs. Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley to construct, from the heterogeneous mass of facts proven or alleged by earlier historians as well as from their own discoveries, the most scientifically accurate and impartial account of how Mr. Pickwick was launched on his glorious career.

"The Origin of Pickwick" is prefaced by a synopsis showing the salient facts of Dickens's first twenty-four years of existence, the years *before* Pickwick. We are thus provided with the indispensable notions of the young author's apprenticeship to Life and Letters.

The opening chapter describes the three forces whose all but accidental clashing kindled the spark of Pickwick into flame: a successful artist, requiring suitable letterpress for a projected series of drawings; an enterprising firm of publishers on the look-out for lucrative business; and a young writer, all but unknown yet full of confidence in his genius and career. Robert Seymour's share in the original conception of the Pickwick Club and its founder is here made clear to us for the first time, while characteristic excerpts from contemporary periodicals make us realise that in February, 1836, when he was commissioned to write *Pickwick*, the talent of the author of *Sketches by Boz* was already recognised.

Chapters 2 to 5 tell the story of the first six numbers of *Pickwick*, as they appeared from April to September. The incidents connected with the illustration of these early parts are narrated in fullest detail, and their reception by the critics is dealt with no less thoroughly. These chapters contain important matter hitherto unknown or unpublished.

Chapter 6 relates the attacks launched against Dickens in after years by Mrs. Seymour and her son, in a vain attempt to prove that *Pickwick's* first illustrator had been shamefully treated.

Chapters 7 and 8 are devoted to a convincing rehabilitation of R. W. Buss, the illustrator of Part III. This is partly founded on the artist's own statement, hitherto unpublished, and is an important contribution to the early history of *Pickwick*. Buss attributed his dismissal to Chapman and Hall, yet the probabilities are that, if the publishers' mode of dispensing with the services of their illustrator was not as courteous and considerate as it should have been, the responsibility of the measure itself belongs to Dickens.

Although this is the work of two writers, the story flows so evenly and its various sections are so artistically blended, that it would be hard to ascribe any given chapter to the pen of Mr. Ley or to that of Mr. Dexter. No doubt, however, readers of the *Dickensian* who have appreciated Mr. Dexter's articles on Boz's early work and who have enjoyed Mr. Ley's generous vindication of Buss in the autumn number of 1932, will be inclined to attribute the first chapters to W.D. and the closing ones to J.W.T.L. Whether or not this be the case, the collaboration has been a fruitful one. "The Origin of *Pickwick*" should be read by all students of English literature and find its place in every Dickensian library.

A. DE SUZANNET.

THE FILM OF *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

ON Saturday evening, March 28, nearly eight hundred members of the Dickens Fellowship were the guests of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company at the Cambridge Theatre, for an exclusive pre-view of this eagerly-awaited film, which has since had a very successful season at the Empire, and will shortly be released generally.

The evening was a particularly memorable one to the delegates from all parts and the enjoyment of every person present is unquestioned. Nevertheless, to a Dickensian, naturally more searching in his criticism than the general public, the first consideration is, how far does the film capture the spirit of the Book ?

The book, as Dickens intended, is a Tragedy. Tragedy pervades the whole story. Now the very essence of Tragedy is the justice and, above all, the inevitability of the tragic end, and that the central figure is himself mainly the cause of, and contributory to, his own destruction. We could not tolerate, for example, any end other than that which Shakespeare allots to Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and King Lear.

Now in the film, whilst it certainly was a noble gesture of self-sacrifice that took Sydney Carton to the scaffold, it scarcely fulfilled the dramatic demands of Tragedy. We could readily imagine a more satisfactory end to the Sydney Carton of the film ; it did not seem to be the irrevocable, the only way. Considering him, purely subjectively, there were moments when, had we not known the book, we might have started anticipating and secretly hoping that " something might happen " to Charles Darnay, so that Sydney might marry the girl and live happily ever after. It is not of such stuff that Tragedy is made. In short, the Sydney of the film is not a sufficiently tragic figure : but what a charming Dick Swiveller he would have been !

The film was well served by the supporting cast ; especially delightful being the Miss Pross of Edna May Oliver, who made the most of opportunities which were nothing like so plentiful as when she won our hearts as Aunt Betsy.

One other point remains, the crowd scenes. Here there was too much realism and too little left to the imagination. They reminded us rather of the birth of a nation than of the death of an old régime. As a spectacle it was magnificent, but its very nature upset the balance, seriously affected the unity, and dispelled the tragic atmosphere of the story.

Economy in the numbers visible, leaving more to be suggested by " effects off " of the size and fury of the mob, would have made it a far, far better film, and helped to lift it nearer the tragic height attained by the book. As it was, the film transmutes Dickens's Tragedy into something neither so rich nor so rare ; in short, into melodrama : very enjoyable melodrama and excellently acted, it is true ; but still, melodrama.

Yet, taking it all in all, it was a brave effort, a sincere production and one to be seen again. Like Oliver, many of us would be glad of a second helping.

A. STEWART MASON.

THE MOTOR TOUR OF DICKENS'S LONDON

ON Saturday afternoon, March 28th, some 250 delegates and members set out in eight motor coaches, each under the able guidance of a London member, to re-discover the London of Dickens. The route had been specially prepared by Mr. Walter Dexter.

Appropriately starting from 48 Doughty Street, where much of *Pickwick Papers* was written, we almost immediately passed the site of the Foundling Hospital, where Dickens used to attend service and which fittingly now forms playing fields for children. The next Dickensian landmark was Raymond Buildings, where Dickens was employed as a youth in the lawyer's office of Ellis & Blackmore. Past Gray's Inn Gardens and the Square (where Tommy Traddles lived and Mr. Perker had Chambers), and Holborn Hall, we came to Hatton Garden and the house once the Metropolitan Police Court, presided over by Mr. Fang, before whom Oliver Twist was brought. We recall that the Jellybys had lodgings in Hatton Garden. Passing by Charles Street and across Saffron Hill (following the tracks of The Dodger, Charley Bates and Oliver when they picked Mr. Brownlow's pocket), we presently passed the site of Field Lane, near which Fagin had his "den." A truly Dickensian touch was the glimpse of a Punch and Judy show, complete with dog Toby, recalling Codlin and Short. In Snow Hill we admired the bas-reliefs and statues on the building on the site of The Saracen's Head.

Passing Smithfield Market and St. Bartholomew's Hospital (where Jack Hopkins was a student and to which the boy who had swallowed the necklace was taken) we came to Little Britain, where Jaggers had his office. Then to Newgate, the scene of many Dickensian incidents, including Magwitch's trial, and the burning of the prison in *Barnaby Rudge*. Along Holborn, so full of Dickens memories, and Chancery Lane we came to Portugal Street, where is the George IV Tavern, standing on the site of the "Magpie and Stump" of *The Pickwick Papers*, and passed the quaint little building in Portsmouth Street claiming to be "The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalised by Charles Dickens." By Lincoln's Inn Fields with Forster's house (which was also Mr. Tulkinghorn's), past the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn (where in the morning we had held our Conference), made memorable by the Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce trial, and along Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, we soon passed Somerset House where John Dickens was employed as a clerk, and the Church of St. Mary le Strand, where he was married to Miss Barrow. Past the end of Strand Lane, where is still the Roman Bath, visited by David Copperfield, and also past Wellington Street where was the office of *Household Words*, we caught a glimpse of the Adelphi Hotel (where the Pickwick Club was dissolved), and in passing shed a silent tear, for it, too, is doomed to dissolution in a few weeks. On to Charing Cross, the site of the Golden Cross Hotel, whence the Pickwickians, a hundred years ago left by coach for Rochester; by Whitehall, past Westminster Hall into which Dickens turned when he saw his first story "in all the glory of print." Over Blackfriars Bridge

we went, in the steps of young Dickens himself on his way home from the blacking warehouse. Coming to Southwark, we passed Quilp Street, Clennam Street, Dorrit Street, and turned into Lant Street where the boy Dickens lodged while his father was imprisoned, and where Bob Sawyer also lodged and entertained Mr. Pickwick, the supposed site now being occupied by a school. Passing the site of John Chivery's establishment (now removed for street widening) and along the New Kent Road we reached the David Copperfield Garden, catching a glimpse of the statue of " the foolish image, blowing a dry shell," and we were reminded of the incident of little David being robbed of his trunk and half-guinea. Again in the High Street we passed " Little Dorrit's Church " (St. George's), the remains of the Marshalsea and of the George Inn (the last of the London galleried coaching inns), and the site of the White Hart and recalled Sam Weller brushing boots when Mr. Pickwick first made his acquaintance. Crossing London Bridge we remembered Nancy's meeting with Mr. Brownlow on the steps. Soon we came to Bevis Marks, where lived Sampson and Sally Brass and where Dick Swiveller played cribbage with the Marchioness. Coming to Leadenhall Street (where might formerly have been seen " The Little Wooden Midshipman ") and along Cornhill we passed the Bank, and close by, the George and Vulture (where Mr. Pickwick was " suspended " when in town). Soon we came to Windsor Terrace, where the Micawbers lived and were pleased to learn that it is much as in Dickens's day and not merely " the site where it stood." Then to Goswell Road (formerly Goswell Street) where we tried to imagine which was the house where Mrs. Bardell fell into the arms of Mr. Pickwick ; and so to Pentonville Road, where lived Mr. Brownlow and also Mr. Panks.

By King's Cross and St. Pancras we came to Old St. Pancras Church, where Jerry Cruncher carried on his grim work. On by Crowndale Road and Camden Street we passed Little College Street where Dickens lodged for a short time, his landlady unconsciously sitting for the portrait of Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son.*

Passing Bayham Street we recalled that the Dickens family lived there when they first returned to London from Chatham (the attic window of the house is now at The Dickens House).

Very soon we arrived at Hampstead and remembered Mr. Pickwick's researches into the origin of the ponds. Past Jack Straw's Castle, the scene of many meetings of Dickens, Forster and Ainsworth, and so to the Spaniards Inn, where Mrs. Bardell was partaking of tea with her friends when she was carried away by Mr. Jackson to the Fleet.

Returning to town by way of Highgate Hill, Kentish Town Road, Camden Road and Hampstead Road, we passed the " Wellington House Academy " which Dickens attended after leaving the blacking factory ; by Gower Street (recalling Mrs. Micawber's ladies' school), Marylebone Road and past Devonshire Terrace (another of Dickens's homes). The next place of Dickensian interest was Cavendish Square near where the Mantalinis lived, and associated also with Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg. Then Newman Street and the house where Mr.

Curveydrop had his dancing academy, and Soho Square near which Doctor Manette lived; by Shaftesbury Avenue to Gerrard Street, where lived Mr. Barrow, Charles Dickens's uncle (the author probably had the house in mind as that of Mr. Jaggers). By Seven Dials and Drury Lane (remembering Poor Jo and Miss Petowker) and Kingsway; past the site, near the corner of Theobalds Road, of the barber's shop kept by Poll Sweedlepipe, over which Mrs. Gamp lived, we soon arrived back at our starting point, having covered some 40 miles of London.

The main impression left by the tour is that all London is Dickens's London, for at every turn we come upon some Dickens landmark. How well Dickens knew his London and how well he used it!

We should like to express our appreciation of the way the tour was planned and carried out, and especially to the conductors who helped to make it so interesting.

F. R. Dean.

A TOAST FROM NEW YORK

At the Birthday Dinner of the New York Branch on February 7th, Mrs. William Dike Reed proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory in the following words: From the time of his birth to the publication of his first writing, Dickens's life was filled with hardships. The ripening experience of these early days produced, one hundred years ago, his first great work, *The Pickwick Papers*. The human appeal of the characters and the amusing situations in which we find them commanded the attention of all classes. *Pickwick* will always be remembered as the greatest example of Dickens's humour. The book reveals the greatness of human friendships, the hospitality of English inns, and the kindness of English people. *The Pickwick Papers* was a tremendous success and presented to an awaiting world their first realisation of a new literary genius.

The long list of Dickens's novels which followed contained swift and incisive thrusts at the evils of his day. Through his writings he gradually accomplished many needed reforms in England. It must have taken courage of a superior character for a young writer with his career before him to uncover with such a searching pen the evils of his day.

The immortality of Charles Dickens was thus created—the immortal spark was born. How was it perpetuated? First by his own reading public and then through his own great series of readings both in England and America. Then followed many publications of his books, a still larger world of readers, and performances of his novels in theatres, private schools and colleges in all lands. In *our* day the film directors are presenting more than six of his novels in elaborate cinema productions. They recognise in Dickens a scenario writer whose novels are adaptable to the modern mind. Whom can we name among the writers of to-day whose books one hundred years from now will be holding the attention of all readers as does Charles Dickens?

Let us be grateful to him to-night for the purity of his style, his love for humanity and his honest portrayal of good-as-good and evil-as-evil. By his humour he caught the attention of those in power and through his pathos moved the stoniest hearts. May we study his books with more understanding of their inner meaning. Let us of the present day exercise the privilege of perpetuating his immortal memory. This can be done through our personal loyalty and individual effort.

It is well to remember the words of Longfellow :

"Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime."

May the influence of Charles Dickens be felt to-day. In the words of a poet member of our Fellowship, Mr. Herman A. Heydt, our sentiments are expressed :

Each household rings with his fair name,
His stirling pen oft wrote in fire ;
He well achieved to worthy fame,
Which ever reaches high and higher.

His love of man is ne'er forgot,
And so, to him we humbly bow,
And to his memory we allot
A chaplet for his noble brow.

Charles Dickens lives. His memory cannot be obliterated. His works have never died. They are his living monument.

THE PICKWICK CENTENARY BOOK

(1) Walter Dexter to J. W. T Ley.

10th March 1936.

Dear Ley,

Yesterday I received my copy of the Pickwick Portrait Gallery from C. and H., and of course put everything else aside, as I was most anxious to see the manner in which the other contributors had treated the characters allotted to them. I don't suppose they were given any more clue as to what was required of them, than was given you and me, a simple request to write about 4,000 words on (in my case) Mr. Wardle. I saw from the list of other writers then enclosed that Chesterton was being asked to do the Fat Boy, and Arthur Waugh, Mr. Pickwick, and as these two accomplished writers bear remarkable outward resemblance to their subjects, I rather surmised that, never having made any pretence of being an essayist, I was asked to do Wardle out of compliment to my figure—and age ; and although the honour was great to be included in such a galaxy on such an occasion, I accepted it with much trepidation. I must leave you to judge the result. I am rather sorry Waugh took on the Fat Boy, when G.K. was unable to do it ; yet that is not quite a happy way of putting it, for I have thoroughly enjoyed his essay, while the rearrangement enabled Noyes to open the book with an all too short essay on the immortal Pickwick himself. But full justice cannot really be done to Pickwick in so short a space.

I see James Agate was asked, by telegram (C. and H. spent only 1½d. me) to "Do minor characters," and promptly replied, "There e no minor characters in Pickwick." How truly he shows this in e concluding contribution to the book!

It is curious to find how very different is the manner in which each riter has treated his particular character. The amazing thing to e is how you made so much out of Tupman, about whom after all ere is really very little in the book. I should imagine yours was one the most difficult of all the characters. Haynes is in the law and praham in the medical profession, I believe, and they had allotted them characters after their own hearts; but I can never imagine u as Tupman; yet perhaps you have done all the better. Straus s been very kind to Winkle whom he regards as a real sportsman, in a Pickwickian sense." Kingsmill may be a sort of Dr. Slammer, t for the life of me I can't see what he is driving at; is he supposed represent the "enemy" referred to in the sub-title of the book? l the rest are "friends" assuredly. And now the last—but possibly e first: Bransby has completely surprised me with his estimate old Weller. No professional writer could have done better; but ere, he sees him from the actor's standpoint, and well has he done s task. I know you won't mind if I say his is the best contribution the book; yours might have been had you had Tony Weller stead of Tupman. But the choice of B.W. for the part was rfect; who was the master caster? I think it must have been rthur Waugh.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER DEXTER.

(II) J. W. T. L. TO W. D. 11th March.

EAR DEXTER,

My copy of the Portrait Gallery has also arrived. Thanks for your ter. I was honoured similarly to Mr. Agate. Out of the blue came telegram: "Can you write 4,000 words on Tupman for Pickwick ntenary Book within a week, Chapman and Hall." A pre-paid ply form being enclosed I did not hesitate. My answer was "Pickwick nd, London. Yes. Loy." I had less knowledge of the scope of e book than you had; I had no knowledge at all. I confess that d the choice been left to me it would not have fallen on Tupman; the other hand, for the whole of the week I was profoundly grateful the gods in Henrietta Street that they had not asked me for four ousand words on Snodgrass! I could have managed Winkle, rhaps, but Snodgrass! On the whole, given the choice among the ree followers of Mr. Pickwick I am sure I should have said "Tupman." the point you make as to physical resemblance to characters otted, I do not need to tell you that that certainly did not obtain my case!

There are one or two points that occurred to me directly I opened e book. I regretted Mr. Chesterton's absence, but I gather that he s invited and declined. Perhaps he felt that he has had his say on *ckwick*. I rubbed my eyes and asked myself "What is Kingsmill ing in this galley?" I am still wondering. And I regretted—d still regret—that Mr. H. A. Vachell was not among the contributors. I agree in your estimate of Bransby Williams's essay on Old Weller, t why are you surprised at its quality? If you can put your hand

on a more honest-to-God Dickensian than Bransby Williams I shall be grateful for an introduction. Obviously, making no pretentions to being a "literary gent," but knowing his old pal inside out, Bransby just wrote to him from his heart. That's what happened, and the result is a most delightful spontaneous tribute.

I would like to say a word about the "make-up" of this book. It is beautifully printed, but the make-up lacks consistency. In your contribution and in mine, for example, extracts from *Pickwick* appear in smaller type. Turn to Mr. Abraham's essay on Bob Sawyer and to Mr. Haynes's essay on Dodson and Fogg, and you will find pages of extracts in the normal type in quotes. And I would not have interpolated the short—admirable—essay on Stiggins between the essays on Snodgrass and Tupman. I know that Mr. Stonier deals with both Snodgrass and Stiggins, but I do not see in that a reason for this interpolation.

As a whole the book is delightful, but I could wish one or two of the contributors could have written with Mr. Agate's gusto (I apologise to him for using the word !). I find gusto in Bransby's essay, I find it in yours, but in two or three cases I sense a self-consciousness which is hardly Pickwickian. But then, I should never have thought of three or four of these contributors as Dickensians !

By the way, Mr. Noyes utters in his essay on Mr. Pickwick, the ultimate shattering criticism of Kingsmill's recent book. See p. 24. And Mrs. Kean Seymour makes a point about Mrs. Bardell that surely is sound—namely that that lady is really but a lay figure. I should like to thank Mr. Macdonell for his delightful chapter on the cricket match. It had never occurred to me before that when I saw young Collins make his 628 not out, it was Jingle's record he was beating, not Stoddart's.

And now, my dear Mary, I must konklude. The conception of the book was excellent, the publishers have produced it excellently; nearly all the contributions are a joy to read. There is unevenness, but that must be inevitable in such work. I would particularly thank Mr. Straus, Mr. Stonier, Bransby Williams, yourself, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Macdonell, and Mr. Agate. Theirs were the contributions that gave *me* most pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. T. Ley.

(III) Extract from a Letter from W. D. to J. W. T. L. 15th March.

I am pleased to have your report on the Pickwick book. Our "Origin of Pickwick" will be out in a few days; I wonder what the critics will think of it? I notice that Noyes has reviewed the Pickwick Centenary Book in the "Referee" and throws bouquets at me, all undeservedly; he is a capital fellow, nevertheless.

(IV) Extract from Letter, W. D. to J. W. T. L. 19th March.

Have you seen Agate's review of the Portrait Gallery? I was wondering who to get to write a notice of the book for *The Dickensian*, but as two contributors have written reviews, why should not you and I do it jointly? Have you kept my first letter to you about the book? It would be rather novel to print it, just as it was written. What do you say? And tack on your reply to me.

DICKENS'S SINGLE FAITH: ARTIST AND PROPHET

DR. DEARMER'S ADDRESS IN THE ABBEY

DICKENS was not only a creator like Shakespeare, but was also the most effective Christian teacher of the nineteenth century. The rise of the novel had made it possible for a writer to use a vast power which was not at the disposal of the preacher; he could destroy evil by throwing a searchlight on it, and he could show goodness in action as supremely lovable and desirable. Dickens was intensely conscious of this, and he was too great an artist to be afraid of being a prophet. He set himself deliberately to influence his readers for good, and he soon found himself influencing the world.

It was a time of monstrous abuses and horrible suffering and death among the poor. A little band of men like Shaftesbury, with the Quakers and some determined reformers, were at work, but the public was indifferent, and so indifferent was the so-called religious world that, when in 1833 the chief Factory Bill was passed, the first Government grant for education made, and slavery abolished, a famous sermon was preached by Keble accusing the country of "national apostasy" on a small ecclesiastical issue. The action was typical of all parties at the time.

That respectable public had to be converted, and Dickens accomplished a real conversion because he made people see; for the evil of the world was not mainly due to deliberate wickedness, but to quiet selfishness, stupidity, and want of imagination. Dickens also made the nation laugh, and everyone loved him and listened, and soon everyone was discussing the evils he attacked. Thus he converted England to charity.

His preaching worked with marvellous rapidity. Mrs. Bardell was imprisoned because she signed a *cognovit*: next year, in 1838, the *cognovit* was abolished, and, as he told his readers in a later preface, "legal reforms have already pared the claws of Dodson and Fogg . . . and the Fleet prison is pulled down." There are many other instances. One must not forget that Florence Nightingale began her career the year after Mrs. Gamp appeared in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But deeper than the actual changes that were brought about was the inculcation of the principles of the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount, working afresh upon each generation. His love and admiration for the poor was as peculiarly Christian as his exaltation of the meek and the merciful. He had the very core of Christianity, the belief in the infinite value of each human soul.

Dickens loved the Church of England, the ordered beauty of her services, and because in her sanity and tolerance she was the soul of the English tradition; but he disliked controversial dogma and in his will exhorted his children "to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there." Reaction had

continued since then, and "man's narrow construction" of Christ's message had brought Europe to the brink of ruin; but Dickens was right, and his broad and deep conception of Christian charity could alone save the world to-day. He had what was supremely needed—a simple faith securely held.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL*

THE seventh volume of Dr. Baker's "History of the English Novel" brings him to the great early Victorians, and one hundred pages (a quarter of the book) are devoted to Dickens, studied, first as to "Characters and Humours" and then as to "Novels of Plot." On the whole, Dr. Baker's is a valuable criticism of the works of Dickens, in spite of his remark that Mr. Pickwick was "the president of a club of harmless lunatics," and his statement "whether *Oliver Twist* or *Nicholas Nickleby* was actually begun first is not known." It IS known, Dr. Baker, although you may have not read your Ley's Forster (which you often quote) sufficiently carefully for the task you had in hand. Indeed, I am afraid from the "Select Reading and Reference List" at the end of your book that you have been rather too "selective" in your Dickens reading, preferring Wright, whom you often quote, to Straus, and Wagenknecht whom you ignore—if you have ever heard of them.

Surely, you do not seriously think that because Wright's "Life of Dickens" was the latest book on Dickens at the time you were finishing your seventh volume on the English novel, it was the last word on Dickens; or were you misled by the publishers' "blurb" (Horrid word to put to a D.Lit. but can you suggest another, if it be not "puff," an older word, but probably as bad). I find it strange, too, that you should take up the cudgels on behalf of Squeers—quoting Wright as your authority, when that "biographer" appears to base his whole argument on a single letter from a native of Barnard Castle, published in a Newcastle paper in 1889, oblivious of the fact that much Tees water has flowed under Greta Bridge since then, and the painstaking researches of Mr. T. P. Cooper resulted, in 1923, in his book "With Dickens in Yorkshire," wherein a full account of the legal actions against Shaw for his mal-treatment of his pupils will be found. And too, if you had not again relied on Wright, you would not have repeated the silly story—culled by Wright from the defunct "Daily Graphic" (date not specified by Wright), that the originals of Codlin and Short were two Punch and Judy Show men, who gave a performance to Dickens and Lemon, in the finale of which Dickens played the pipes and Lemon the drum. We should have a very queer life of Dickens if it were made up from press cuttings. Codlin and Short were born long before Dickens ever became acquainted with Lemon!

But I will give you credit, Dr. Baker, for your note in answer to the statements made by the late Mr. Wright concerning Ellen Ternan, that "the only proof vouchsafed is heresay at two or three removes."

W.D.

*"The History of the English Novel; the Age of Dickens and Thackeray," by Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit., M.A. London: H. F. and G. Witherby. 16s.

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

DIRECTED BY THE EDITOR

IV.

ASKING for more " has been a heaven-sent subject for " Punch " cartoonists. The very first Dickens cartoon in that famous eekly appeared within three years of its first number, when, on arch 30th, 1844, John Leech—who had lately illustrated *A Christmas rol*—adapted Cruikshank's well-known drawing and depicted Henry rougham as Oliver, asking for " more."

When, in 1870, M. Ollivier was in power as the head of the Liberal nistry in France, " Punch," of course, could not resist the opportunity " coming out strong." It said :—

" Such a man and such a ministry cannot allow the liberties of France and the powers of the EMPEROR to remain where they are. That France has got something by the *senatus consultum* the abandonment of the Personal system shows. We shall soon have 'OLLIVIER asking for more.' What will the Imperial Bumble say to the demand ? "

Pictorial references to Oliver and his request for more were not peated for several years ; in the meantime, December 22nd, 1888, find the following extremely Dickensian paragraph :

CONFOUND THEIR NAVY-ISH TRICKS !

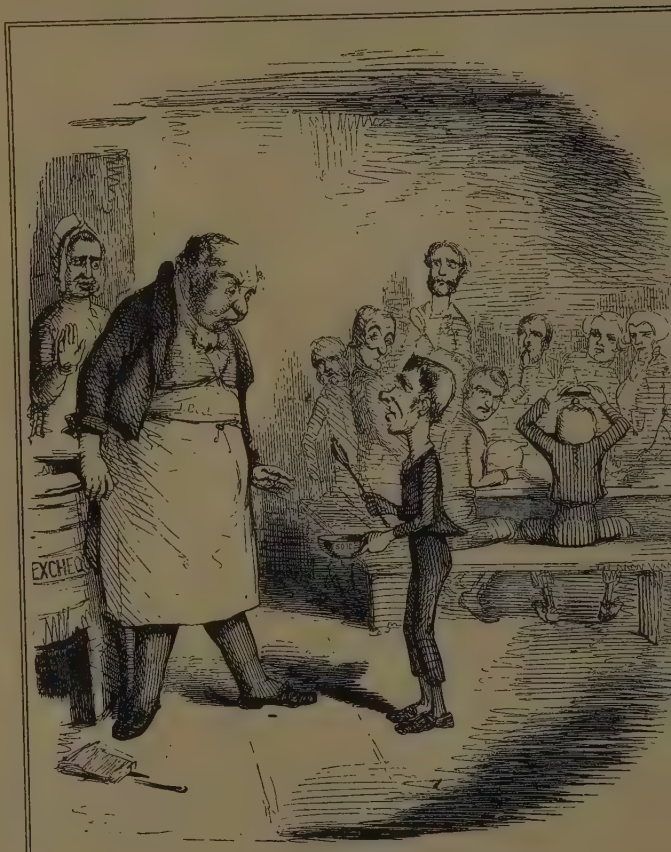
OLIVER TWIST would not be " in it " with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD in " asking for more." The brave and breezy BERESFORD frankly avowed that he desired to add Twenty Millions to the Navy Estimates ! What Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had to say in reply practically amounted to this ; that the British Navy was better than it had been, but not so good as it ought to be. Between our salt water *Oliver Twist* and our naval *Micawber* there does not seem to be much comfort for JOHN BULL. The official *Micawber* said that the difference between himself and the tarry-breeked *Oliver Twist* was that in him (Lord GEORGE MICAWBER) " the sense of caution was more fully developed." He added that when the Government moved, he hoped their movement would be " genuine and prolonged." Well, if they don't do their duty by our naval defences, doubtless their movement, when it comes, *will* be " genuine and prolonged," and that its motor will be what Lord TENNYSON calls " the wild mob's million feet." But, meanwhile, events move ; they move all the time, and do not wait for sessions, or for programmes, or even for Budgets. That is why Naval finance of the *Pip* and *Herbert* Pocket order affords *Mr. Punch* little satisfaction, and not very much hope.

" Old Moore's Almanac " came in for its share of " Punch " recognion in September, 1906, in a set of verses headed, " O, My Prophetic oul," with the following note in parenthesis :—

" Old Moore (not to be confused with Mr. George, has issued his predictions for 1907)."

The last lines read :—

For, though his perfervid narration
Is weak and his prophecy poor,
Each year we are told that the nation
(Like Oliver) clamours for Moore.



"HENRY" ASKING FOR MORE.

Vide "Oliver Twi

The first Dickens's "Punch" Cartoon
Leech's Adaptation of Cruikshank, 30th March, 1844

In 1911 another set of verses is entitled "Oliver (so named because he kept asking for more)."

All this led the way for the second adaptation of Cruikshank's

"OLIVER ASKS FOR" LESS.

JOHN BULL (*fed up*). "PLEASE, SIR, NEED I HAVE QUITE SO MANY GOOD THINGS?"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YES, YOU MUST; AND THERE'S MORE TO COME."

Raven Hill's clever cartoon, 24th July, 1912

ture, this time a perversion of the original idea. Under Mr. Lloyd orge's Chancellorship, social legislation was receiving its very full re, and John Bull—fed up, according to Mr. Punch—appeared as

Oliver asking " for less." This was on July 24th, 1912. The artist was Raven Hill.

Twenty-three years had to elapse before Mr. Raven Hill returned to the subject, and here a second variation of the old theme was worked ; Dickens was " re-edited "—" Oliver pays out more."

Another variation, however, had been given much earlier. This was in July, 1906, when the Poplar Board of Guardians was pilloried in a spirited cartoon by Bernard Partridge entitled " Bumbledom ' asks for more.' "

Bumbledom was a favourite theme with " Punch " writers and artists, as we shall show in a later peep.

In 1926 A. W. Lloyd provided a small sketch of Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson as Oliver, with this remark, " The habit of asking for more seems to be common to all Olivers."

On April 11th, 1828, there was a large cartoon entitled " Egypt asks for more," but beyond the title, this had no reference to Dickens. Egypt was represented as an alligator and not as Oliver Twist.

In 1919, when a new brew of beer was instituted called Government Ale, again Mr. Lloyd depicted Oliver in a small sketch " asking for more," and still another cartoon appeared on April 7th, 1920.

Oliver Twist has been a veritable gold mine for the cartoonists. " An artful Dodge " was a very popular subject ninety years ago, when it was so worked out that Mr. Punch has not resorted to it since ; of course, one explanation is that other Dickens characters were created between 1846 and 1870 which gave " Punch " cartoonists a much wider selection, yet there are still great possibilities in the Artful Dodger.

The three cartoons here reproduced, two in the spring of 1846 (pages 187 and 189) and one three years later (page 201), are all the work of John Leech, and as will be seen, Lord John Russell has been made to be both Oliver and the Dodger, just to suit the situation.

The Dauphin of France again appeared as Fagin in another Leech cartoon, eighteen months after the first one.

On November 2nd, 1878, there was a Dodger cartoon by Charles Keene entitled " At the Head of his Profession." The scene depicted was a police station, with " an eminently respectable Director awaiting examination. His companions are the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates ; says the former : " You've been copped for a till—and me for a cly. But 'e's been copped for a bank, shared somethin' like six millions swag among the lot." Charley Bates, in a tone of respectful admiration, " Lor ! "

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR BIXBY

The Dickens Fellowship has suffered a grievous loss in the death of Mr. Arthur E. Bixby, the President of the Birmingham Branch. He was always most popular wherever he went, and was particularly in evidence at the Conferences. He worked whole-heartedly for the Fellowship. The establishment of a Tiny Tim Cot in the Birmingham Children's Hospital was one of his last activities. Less than £50 short of the required £1,000 had been collected at the time of his death and this has since been subscribed by two members of the branch.

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY ON THE IMMORTAL MEMORY*

I AM very much aware of my inadequacy for the occasion when I reflect upon the long line of highly distinguished names associated with these addresses, and the small likelihood of my being able to add anything of importance to this inspiring theme.

There is one small comfort I possess, however, in the thought that an aspect of the master's work occurs to me which you may allow me to explore—which you may perhaps almost expect me to explore—that is his association with the stage and its possible effect upon his work.

Some charges have been brought against the writings of Dickens, as we all know, and few of them, upon examination, have ruffled the surface of his great accomplishments. One old charge is that he could not draw a gentleman.

A gentleman ! a very difficult being, apparently, to define. For one has essayed to do so, by declaring in a bygone day, that it is he who can wear a clean collar without looking conspicuous, and another that he is one who in eating brings the salt to his meat and not his meat to the salt. A third describes him as a man who uses the butter knife—even when he is alone !

However, difficult as we may find it to define him—and my dictionary devotes nearly two columns in an effort to do so—we know what we mean in using the term ; and who, therefore, does not know that Cousin Feenix in *Dombey and Son* indisputably was one, and surely Eugene Wrayburn and his champion, Little Twemlow, in *Our Mutual Friend*, are two others, to mention only a few which immediately occur to me.

Another charge is that he exaggerated. If this is true, and we accept it in one sense, namely, that he drew larger than life, we may admit it, and, indeed, glory in it. Does not this very power give to his characters that vividness, that actuality, which conveys to the reader a sense of having really known the beings he has created, recognising them as people we have met in our lives.

I remember my friend Gerald du Maurier saying that on the stage we must draw the characters we interpret ten per cent. larger than life. Was it not Dickens' experience of the stage which gave him that large—that peculiar power ? We must remember that his association with the stage was considerable. Not only with the professional stage, which he describes so amusingly and with such uncanny perception in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but with the amateur companies, which he organised and with whom he made so many startling successes as an actor. His love for the theatre was one of the abiding influences of his life, and to be the manager of a great theatre was one of his dreams.

This is what he wrote from Montreal, where he had undertaken to act with some officers of the Coldstream Guards :

* A Speech delivered at the Pickwick Centenary Banquet, 31st March, 1936.

"I would give something if you could stumble into that very dark and dusty theatre in the daytime (at any minute between 12 and 3) and see me with my coat off, stage-manager and universal director, urging impracticable ladies and impossible gentlemen on to the very confines of insanity, shouting and driving about in my own person, to an extent which would justify any philanthropic stranger in clapping me into a straight waistcoat without any further enquiry—and struggling in such a vortex of noise, dirt, bustle, confusion and inextricable entanglements of speech and action as you would grow giddy in contemplating. . . . This kind of voluntary hard labour used to be my great delight. The *furor* has come upon me again, and I begin to be once more of the opinion that nature intended me for the lessee of a national theatre, and that pen, ink and paper have spoiled a manager."

It was only an absurd accident that prevented Dickens from realising his ambition to become an actor. It seems he had an intense admiration for the art of Charles Matthews, and spent hours in practising the movements and effects which he admired in that versatile comedian. "I practised," he says, "even such things as walking in and out, and sitting down in a chair, often four, five, and six hours a day, shut up in my own room or walking about the fields."

How this recalls a memory I have of my old master, Sir Henry Irving. At one of our rehearsals of "The Lyons Mail," in which I was to play the part of the serving lad, "Joliquet," I had to uncork a bottle of wine and pour its contents into a tumbler; a simple enough action, but one which had to be done with the deftness of one accustomed to it, and I must have bungled, for Sir Henry at last rapped out, "Practise it in your *bedroom*, my boy, practise it in your *bedroom*."

Well, a long course of more or less successful efforts to get into the skin of Charles Matthews had evidently emboldened the youthful Dickens—he was then about twenty—to apply to Charles Kemble for an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. An appointment was given him, and only a sudden and violent cold prevented him from keeping it. Thus, through the influenza bacillus of that period, we lost what would have been a great actor, and literature gained an immortal.

May I be forgiven if I repeat the recollection that a similar bacillus turned my humble self from the pursuit of *farming* in *Manitoba*?

During my youth I was on the verge of running away from home to that Province, tempted by the circulars which at that time flooded our countryside, with offers of a track of 160 acres in the Dominion to be given to emigrants, free, gratis, and for nothing. And it was only owing to the fact that I was kept in bed through the visitation of that same friendly and omniscient bacillus that I am not to this day endeavouring to clear that 160 acres of virgin forest.

Well, lost to the professional stage as Charles Dickens was, it is evident that he would have made a great actor. To feel convinced of that one has only to look at the picture by Leslie which presents to us, in a scene from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," the portrait of Dickens in the character of "Captain Bobadil." There is in that picture the assurance that we are looking upon an accom-

olished actor. The cut of his coat, his wig, and the effective swing of the body, show us that he had not studied movement from his beloved Charles Matthews in vain.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

"Oh, how jolly green you must be to think you could form a Ministry!"

The First Leech "Dodger" Cartoon in "Punch"
10th January, 1846 (*See Page* 184)

I have often thought what a "Sydney Carton" he would have made. And it is not generally known that he had intended to play that part. The thought came to him when he was appearing as

" Richard Warden " in a dramatic version of " The Frozen Deep," by Wilkie Collins, and found expression not, it is true, in the performance of " Sydney Carton," but in what is in my humble opinion his finest work, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

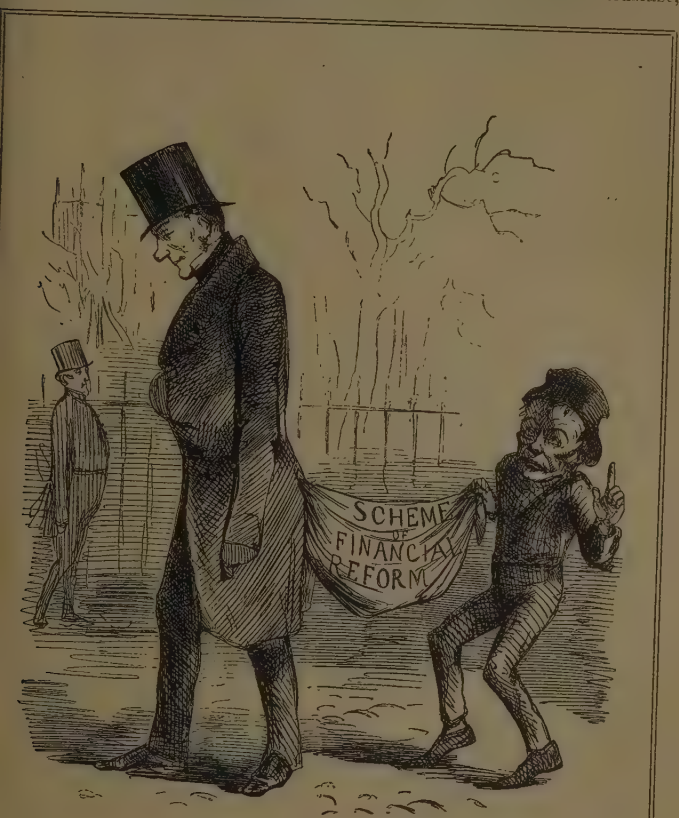
What we actors owe to him we only know—we who have been privileged to interpret any of his characters. I, who have had the opportunity of bringing Sydney Carton to life upon the stage, know it. There is scarcely a movement which I make in that character which Dickens himself has not described ; there is not an inflection of the voice which he has not heard himself as he wrote it, and which he has not defined in words. That was his method. As each of his creatures came to life under his magic pen he knew in the moment of creation their every movement and heard the modulation of their every voice. It was this power of self-identification with his characters which gives them their vivid actuality, a power which he alone possessed, perhaps beyond all others in the realm of creative genius. This urge towards self-identification with imaginery characters apparently was instinctive at an early age. In recording, through the person of David Copperfield, the books which influenced his childhood, among which were Tom Jones and Roderick Random, he confesses that the habit of impersonating these characters was a great consolation during the period of his early troubles, and he writes, " I have been Tom Jones for a week together ! I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe, and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house armed with the centre piece of an old set of boot trees ; the perfect realisation of Captain Somebody of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at great price."

Which reminds me that at an equally early age that same urge to express the identity of others in my own person led me, in the days of the Franco-Prussian War, to turn up my collar, and assuming the blood and iron expression of a Bismarck, to apostrophise myself in the mirror as " General Von Von."

Apropos of Dickens' connection with the stage, I should like to repeat a story, which I have just received from Dr. Lawrence, that omniverous student of Elizabethan dramatic lore and old stage days, whose exact scholarship has shed so much new light upon those subjects. He writes :

> " Dickens was the first dramatic author in England (the custom had already been practised in France) to receive a call at the end of a new play to be honoured with the congratulations of the audience. That event happened at the St. James's Theatre on the first night of *The Village Coquettes*. ' The Examiner,' in a long notice of the operetta, chronicled the fact that Boz was loudly called for at the end, walked smilingly across the stage, bowed, and disappeared. Also that in so doing he had created great disappointment because he had neither Mr. Pickwick's corporation nor Mr. Tupman's large circular eyes ; and the critics in the gallery considered that they had not received their moneysworth, because he lacked the jaunty air of Sam Weller."

Now I am very much tempted to encroach upon the domain which has been so fittingly assigned to that well-known Dickens enthusiast,



AN ARTFUL DODGE.

"Him as Prigs Wot Isn't His'n——"

The Second Leech "Dodger" Cartoon in "Punch"
17th February, 1849 (*See Page* 184)

. Guedalla, who will speak to you on the particular subject, which drawn us together to-night. Perhaps he will pardon me for eating a story, again centering round Sam Weller, which illustrates

the far-reaching popularity of Pickwick. He records his meeting with a monk who escorted his party over the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, and who, to Dickens' surprise, not only spoke English, but English of quite a Cockney character. Upon Dickens expressing curiosity as to how he had studied the English language, the monk confessed that he had learned it by reading *Pickwick*. He was, in fact, using the language and the idioms of Sam Weller.

Before concluding, perhaps Mr. Guedalla will forgive me for offering my small gift at the altar of *Pickwick*, and I would say " to those who for a brief hour would forget this machine-ridden age, so crowded with dangerous portents, that we scarcely dare to open our morning newspaper, who feel that nostalgia for the old dignified days, which seem to be passing for ever, I would say ' Open your *Pickwick*,' for here in these pages you will recapture the spirit of a simpler and sweeter age ; days of leisure and security ; days when one could ' stroll,' an almost forgotten thing to-day, and linger together ' in after-dinner talk across the walnuts and the wine,' instead of jamming in the clutch after an undigested luncheon in an itch to murder another sixty miles of country, the beauty of which one has not the eyes or the time to enjoy. Days when one could look at the clouds in the heavens, without fear of a skin-blistering bomb which may any day wipe out dear life and poison our age-loved countryside ; days before the decent pace of daily life was hurried into such a vortex of speed that the strongest is put to it to escape a nervous breakdown, and the weakest to put his head into a gas oven. Days before the ingenuity of man had conquered the very air and had constructed a machine which has turned what might have been—and still, perhaps, is destined to be—the means of drawing the whole world into a blessed brotherhood, but whose use has been perverted into an engine for the destruction of civilisation. These are the blessed, warm-hearted peaceful days which we can capture again in the pages of *Pickwick*—pages, the perusal of which will keep us sane in a world which seems to be going mad."

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, of Dickens's works it is said sometimes they are " old-fashioned "—a last charge of the enemy against our beloved Master—that blazing genius which is the greatest thing, in my humble opinion, that England has done since it produced Shakespeare.

" Old-fashioned ! " Well, if it is old-fashioned, to gird the false, to flay hypocrisy, to search for the soul of good in things evil, to melt our hearts in pity for the lowly, to exalt the humble, to use his mighty scourge on the mean and the cunning, to warm our hearts with honest English humour, to make us love the eternal sweetness of our native countryside, to leave us always with the consolation that there is " a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," then indeed he is old-fashioned, and may such old fashions flourish in this dear England for ever.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER TO TALFOURD

WITH NOTES BY A. S.

London, Devonshire Terrace. Regent's Park.
Nineteenth March 1844.

My Dear Talfourd,

The writer of the enclosed is Mr. Charles Mackay, "poet," and sub-Editorial paste-and-scissorsorial craftsman of the Morning Chronicle. He called on me, and asked for my name :—which I gave him, chiefly because while statues are erected to fighting men by sea and land, I like one to be put up now and then in honor of that amiable dragon, Intellect, which Saint George (in his court-dress) is rather fond of riding over. But in principle I quite agree with you.

He asked me to speak to you ; and my reply was, that you were on circuit, but in writing to you, he was free to say he had been with me. I have no feeling whatever on the subject, which is worthy of the name. Indeed I especially told him that there would be a prejudice abroad in reference to the Edinburgh people requiring external assistance to finish monuments in honor of their two great men, Scott and Burns ; and that unless he could get a very good committee indeed, starting with bright prospects of success, he had better leave the thing alone. In which he entirely agreed,—or so professed.

Mr. Berger has paid his costs ; at least his bill was £42, and we let him off for £30. If you could have seen a man whom Mr. Strange sent me yesterday ! He had called, he said, (he was a Literary Gentleman) entirely from a regard to my reputation. Mr. Strange, indignant at Injunctions being obtained against four publishers, had drawn up an advertisement which must have an immense effect upon the reputation of any man. Mr. Strange had hinted darkly at making application to Sir Peter Laurie (! !) on the subject of costs being got from several parties, and he recommended me, for my own sake, to let Mr. Strange off, scot free. I told him, with my hand upon the bell rope, (but with a comfortable coolness which threw him out of his saddle instantly) that I had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Strange, except as a Pirate ; and that what he had mentioned of that gentleman did not dispose me to form a very high estimate of his character ; that he might give my compliments to Mr. Strange, and inform him that I was determined to put the Piracy down, and Mr. Strange with it, as far as his invasion of my property was concerned ; and that if Mr. Strange sent all London to me, I would not interfere between him and the attornies, who had already treated him with infinitely more consideration than he deserved. My gentleman, coming down a peg or so, then said, that there were sentiments expressed in my books . . —which Mr. Strange (I suggested) had construed into a disposition to allow myself to be plundered in all directions. I would endeavour to shew Mr. Strange that he was mistaken in his reading.

So it ended. And this Strange having been in contempt for some days, I would have had him taken this morning, but that Mr. Mitton is unfortunately out of town. The action against the assignees of the Bankrupts we will pursue to the Death. I had a great notion myself of making them drink something with that pudding,—or rather

of stating what they did drink (it was Punch, you are quite right), but on reconsideration I thought it best to let the Pudding stand by itself.

I have a little idea for the last two or three pages of the book, which I hope will please you. So far as I know, it is quite a new thought ; and if I can work it out as I have it in my head, I think it will be very gentle and pretty.

Horne's book is syncretic. Shadows of Martinuzzi, Gregory the Seventh and Co. darken its pages, and make the leaves hideous. Don't you feel that, rather ? I am a disinterested objector, Heaven knows,—except in the regard of my portrait, which looks in my eyes a little like the Iron Mask, without the Man in it.

I hope, my dear Talfourd, that when you come back, I shall see you often. For on the first of July, please God, I turn my face towards Italy,—most likely for a whole year's absence. D'Orsay recommends Pisa for headquarters, and other judgments back him.

Truly, Dear Talfourd,

Faithfully your friend

Charles Dickens.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

Charles Mackay had been Dickens's colleague on the staff of " The Morning Chronicle " in 1835-1836. In 1844 he left the " Chronicle " to undertake the editorship of the Glasgow " Argus."

On January 18th 1844, a suit brought by Dickens against the unauthorised " adaptators " of *A Christmas Carol* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* was decided in favour of the plaintiff. The judge, Bruce Knight, refusing even to hear the carefully prepared speech of Sergeant Talfourd, Dickens's leading counsel, sentenced the " pirates " to the payment of damages and all costs. But two months later the case was still dragging on, by reason of the defendants' insolvency, and finally, in the following month of May, Dickens was obliged to compound with the four piratical publisher-booksellers (Messrs. Berger and Strange among the number), and settle out of his own pocket the costs of his suit against Lee and Haddock, the bankrupt printers.

Sir Peter Laurie, immortalised by Dickens as Alderman Cute, was the London magistrate who had declared that he " would put down suicide."

The story mentioned in the last paragraph but one is that of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, then drawing to its close. The " pretty and gentle idea " was no doubt the one illustrated in the frontispiece to the finished work : Tom Pinch at his organ, playing the melodies inspired by sad and tender memories of the past and unselfish visions of the future.

" A New Spirit of the Age," by R. H. Horne, had been published early in 1844, the first chapter (of 74 pages) being devoted to Dickens and the third chapter to Talfourd. The frontispiece to Volume I was a portrait of Dickens, specially engraved by J. C. Armytage for this work from the miniature by Margaret Gillies.

THE RISE TO FAME

By WALTER DEXTER

THE year 1836 was a momentous one in the life of Charles Dickens. It saw his rise from the comparative obscurity of newspaper reporting to the fame of the author of *The Pickwick Papers*, the publication of two other books, *Sketches by Boz* in two volumes, running into two editions, and one volume of a "Second Series," as well as two plays at the St. James' Theatre.

New Year's Day opened with the young journalist, not yet twenty-four years of age, living in Chambers at No. 13 Furnival's Inn, Holborn, and was celebrated by a contribution to "Bell's Life in London" of a sketch entitled *The New Year*. A fortnight later came *The Streets at Night*, the last contribution to that paper.

Befriended by Harrison Ainsworth, young Dickens had been introduced to an equally young publisher named John Macrone, who had arranged for the publication of the fugitive pieces contributed to "The Monthly Magazine," "The Morning Chronicle," "The Evening Chronicle" and "Bell's Life in London," in two volumes with illustrations by one of the foremost book illustrators of the day, George Cruikshank, and Dickens was full of anxiety to see the two volumes passed through the printing press and in the hands of the binders, as his letters to Macrone clearly show.*

By the 15th January he had moved into larger quarters at Furnival's Inn. The agreement had been signed on the 7th, and on the 15th he wrote the address "15 Furnival's Inn I have moved" heading a letter to Macrone enquiring how the subscription list for the new work had fared. "I hear it was an excellent one" he said, in anticipation.

The Gallery of the House of Commons occupied most of his time at night, and there were various other duties to perform for "The Morning Chronicle" during the daytime, and it is somewhat remarkable how he managed to fit in all the time for his literary activities.

There was too, his "Dearest Mouse" and "Darling Pig" demanding his attention; and when he couldn't get the time to run over to the Fulham Road to see her, he perforce had to write and explain why.† On the 21st January he was detailed to attend the opening of the Licensed Victuallers' School in Kennington, by Lord Melbourne—as he explained in one of his letters to Catherine Hogarth. "Is it my fault that I cannot get out to-night? I must work at the opera from the moment I have finished my dinner, until one or two o'clock in the morning."

He invisaged two political dinners to which he might be sent, one at Liverpool, the other at Birmingham, but we do not know if he attended either.

The "Opera" which was then engaging his attention, was *The*

* "The Dickensian," 1934, pp. 135 to 143, 163 to 172.

† "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens; his letters to her." Constable, 1935.

Village Coquettes, for which Hullah was writing the music; but production of it was delayed until the end of the year as we shall see.

In a letter, a week later, he assures his future wife "how much delight it would afford me to be able to turn round to you at our own fireside when my work is done, and seek in your kind looks and gentle manner the recreation and happiness which the moping solitude of chambers can never afford." This was in explanation of another enforced evening at home to complete his literary work.

On February 2nd, *Sketches by Boz* was advertised to be ready shortly. Dickens's "first out-and-out hearty appreciator" John Black, editor of "The Morning Chronicle" gave the book an excellent pre-notice, which accompanied many other later advertisements in the newspaper press. He spoke of the "versatile author"—or rather, Dickens made him do so by inserting the word "versatile" in the proof copy preserved with the letters to Macrone in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York; and finished up by saying "a more entertaining miscellany cannot well be imagined." and wishing it "the success we are quite certain it will deserve and doubt not it will obtain." That same day, according to a letter to Tom Beard,* there was an office deputation to John Easthope, the proprietor of "The Morning Chronicle," Dickens, Beard and a few others had refused to sign an agreement of some sort which the proprietor was desirous should be signed by all his staff. He offered himself, if need be, as chief spokesman, the question being "we wish to understand distinctly yes or no, whether a refusal to sign, will be followed by dismissal at the termination of the present engagement. If the reply be in the affirmative then we sign it under protest, and declaring our intention to accept the first annual engagement elsewhere, we can get." Dickens's biographer, John Forster, noted that this occasion was the first time he saw Dickens. "I well remember noticing at this dread time on the staircase of the magnificent mansion we were lodged in, a young man of my own age, whose keen animation of look would have arrested attention anywhere, and whose name upon enquiry, I then for the first time heard. It was coupled with the fact which gave it interest even then, that 'young Dickens' had been spokesman for the recalcitrant reporters, and concluded their case triumphantly."

The Preface of *Sketches by Boz* is dated from Furnival's Inn, "February, 1836," and must have been written quite early in the month, as preliminary copies were in Dickens's hands on February 8th, when one was sent to Lord Stanley with a letter reminding his Lordship of certain high praise he had bestowed on his work in reporting one of his important speeches, and excusing himself on the ground that authors wish to place their works "in the hands of those, the eminence of whose public stations is only to be exceeded by the lustre of their individual talents," and he therefore hoped that what had been "generally felt even by the greatest men who had ever adorned the

* "Dickens to His Oldest Friend." Putnams, 1932.

iterature of his country " might be pardoned " when it displays tself in so humble a candidate for public favour " as himself.* Macrone pent quite a sum of money, for those days, in advertising the *Sketches* n the daily and weekly press, and Dickens was diligent in sending ut review copies to his special friends, where he thought notices ould be obtained. His own paper was first with a review which eferred to the author as " of various and extraordinary intellectual ifts " with a " rich and fertile imagination." The writer was is father-in-law to-be, George Hogarth. Two days later, 13th ebruary, came a most discerning notice in " The Literary Gazette." hen followed " The Satirist," whose critic had " seldom read two nore agreeable volumes than these " ; and " The Sun " which said They evince great powers of observation and fidelity of description ombined with a humour, which though pushed occasionally to the ery verge of caricature, is on the whole full of promise." " The thenaeum " was not quite sure that " the subjects were worthy of he artistic skill and power of the writer," otherwise some of the papers ere " excellent." The same week, February 20th, " The Court ournal " described the volumes as " the merriest of the season " and alled " Boz " " a kind of Boswell to society—and of the middle anks especially." At the same time " The News and Sunday Herald " as of opinion the *Sketches* were " replete with talent " with a " feeling ar deeper than the professed character of the work would prepare s to expect " and recommended it as " the best we have ever seen or a cure of the blue devils." " The Sunday Times " said " If we istake not, Boz whoever he may be, will one day make Tom Hood ook to his laurels." " The Atlas " was the only complaining review ; They seem to have been written in haste " it said ; they " wanted oncentration and design," the style being " loose and rambling." Moreover it was " vulgar " ; but the critic was honest in adding that he difficulty of describing city life without reflecting its vulgarities, as of the greatest.

So much for the criticisms during the first two weeks of publication. We wonder how many of them had been read by Chapman and Hall, nd if they had been in any way instrumental in helping them to arrive t a decision as to the most suitable person to write the letterpress for new monthly periodical which had been proposed to them by the opular sporting artist, Robert Seymour. We have no certain know-dge on the point, but have no doubt they did.

Wednesday, February 24th, 1836, was an off-day for Dickens in is parliamentary reporting labours ; the House had sat until a quarter-o-two in the morning and then adjourned until the Thursday on account f the birthday of the Queen. Dickens spent the morning at his hambers finishing a story, *The Tuggses at Ramsgate*, that he had ngaged to write for a new publication of Chapman and Hall, edited y Whitehead, called " The Library of Fiction," due to appear at the nd of the next month. To him came Mr. Hall, pleased to make his

* " The Dickensian," 1933, p. 91.

acquaintance, and considering it a good omen for business that the young writer recognised him as the person who had sold him, some two years before, a copy of "The Monthly Magazine," in which his first story had appeared "in all the glory of print." Could Mr. Dickens let them have that story commissioned by Mr. Whitehead by to-morrow as they wanted to get on with the printing? And then, Mr. Whitehead had suggested that he was the man who might be inclined to take on the work connected with another monthly publication they were proposing to issue at the same time: it would be regular work and last for eighteen months or more; to write suitable letter-press to accompany some pictures Mr. Seymour had etched, depicting a certain club of cockney sportsmen, getting into all manner of difficulty through their lack of dexterity, and so on—just the racy, cockney style of the *Sketches*. Dickens did not jump at the offer immediately; although he had plenty of uses for his money (here he gave a thought to his thriftless father, and the young children at home, in lodgings—and his own desire to get married as soon as it was possible) he was not doing badly, financially. His salary on the Chronicle was seven guineas weekly, and he was to receive one hundred pounds from Macrone for the collected *Sketches* in a little while, and there would be surely more to come from the same direction. He didn't know much about sport, although he owned to being very partial to cockneys, and liked the idea of a Club, and thought he could undertake the work if he were given a freer hand, and would give a definite decision on the day after to-morrow. Would that do? Perfectly, replied Mr. Hall, and left the young writer at his desk.

With what joy must Dickens have penned that memorable letter to his "Dearest Katie" that evening. "Chapman and Hall have made me an offer of £14 a month to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself; to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood-cuts. . . . The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist."

And so *The Pickwick Papers* was born, and the next evidence of vitality is a letter from Furnival's Inn, on a Thursday evening. Dickens never dated his letters in those days, and it is only in rare cases such as in collections of letters to his sweetheart, in the British Museum, and those to Beard (in the library of Count de Suzannet) where the post-marked envelopes have been also preserved (they were often part of the letter, folded and sealed), that we have been able to piece together several of the essential dates of this period. This particular Thursday could hardly have been the day following the above quoted letter to Katie, as he was not due to give Chapman and Hall an answer until the Friday. It was therefore most probably March 4th.

"*Pickwick* is at length begun in all its might and glory" it read. "The first chapter will be ready to-morrow."

He then went on to say that he wanted to publish a play he had written, entitled *The Strange Gentleman*, and would they care to do it? he had not offered it anywhere else. And "in Pickwickian haste" he signed himself—the first example of the use of that now familia

rd. Chapman and Hall were not interested, and it was not until er the play had been produced that they undertook the publication the following year.

The letters for the remainder of the month of March are few; with exception of one to Macrone, referring to a good notice of the *tches* which had appeared in "The Morning Post," the only ones have are those addressed to Catherine Hogarth; and when they not excuse his attentions on account of being busy in writing kwick; they deal with arrangements for furnishing, etc., prior to ir marriage early in the next month.

On a Sunday morning—it must have been three days after the letter tten "in Pickwickian haste," he was well on with Chapter Two. have at this moment got Pickwick and his friends on the Rochester ch, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very ferent character from any I have yet described, who I flatter myself, l make a decided hit." This was of course Alfred Jingle, who ange to say, did not make the decided hit—at the time at any e—that his creator had expected. "I want to get them from the l to the inn before I go to bed" he continued, showing how already characters became real beings in his hands, as they ever after re; and he expected that would take him until two o'clock in the rning; and as the publishers would be there in the morning for the opy" he could not see his sweetheart that evening. "I have no rnative but to stick to my desk" he explained in begging her not oe "coss" with what he couldn't help. "I wish you were a fixture e—I should like to have you by me—so much," he added as a post-pt.

Two days later there was another letter about a visit to a theatre, l apologising for a short note. "Pickwick must be attended to," l he had forgotten the time; but he sent her the promised letter his brother Fred, although it was late "with unlimited number of ses." A week later he complained that "The sheets are a weary gth—I had no idea there was so much in them," but he hoped to the number completed by the Sunday. Macrone had called that rning and promised him £50 on the morrow in payment for the *tches* and the balance on Thursday.

Saturday, April 2nd, was fixed for the wedding, and Dickens was ermined to get the second number of *Pickwick* finished well before t date, so as to give himself some leisure. In spite of Kate getting oss" again, he kept hard at work. "I am tired and worn out to- in mind and body" he wrote a few days later, when he did not home until three o'clock in the morning owing to a late sitting he House. Consequently he could not start work until one o'clock, he would be fully occupied until one or two in the morning. orced as I am to deny myself the least recreation, and to sit chained my table, when a regard for my own health, or my own wishes, uld move me away." And in another letter—still March—"I st write all day, or I really shall never get this thing done." But one" it was, and on the 29th of the month he cashed £29 from

Chapman and Hall " for the two first numbers of *The Pickwick Papers* as the receipt states.*

Two days later he was married very quietly at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. " It seemed only a very commonplace affair " said Tom Beard, his best man, in after years when asked to recall the occasion. " I have but a very faint recollection of the scene which it would now be very interesting to describe." Had he foreseen Dickens's fame, he would doubtless have made a note on the subject. " It was altogether a very quiet piece of business." In addition to Beard and Macrone, only the families were present. Dickens had tried hard to get his uncle Thomas Barrow to overlook the delinquencies of his brother-in-law, shake hands and see the bride. There was an appealing letter from Dickens on the eve of the publication of *Pickwick*, in which he referred to the great success of his literary work making it possible for him to get married at an earlier date than originally intended, but it was unavailing. " There is no member of my family to whom I should be prouder to introduce my wife, than yourself " he wrote, " but I am compelled to say—I am sure you cannot blame me for doing so—that the same cause which has led me for a long time past to deny myself the pleasure and advantage of your society, prevents my doing so. If I could not as a single man, I cannot as a married one, visit at a relation's house from which my father is excluded ; nor can I receive any relatives here who would not treat him as they would myself.

" This is a very painful subject, and I have many associations connected with you which render it more painful in this case than in any other. I cannot forget that I was once your little companion and nurse, through a weary illness, nor shall I ever cease to remember the many proofs you have given me in later days of your interest and affection."†

The Pickwick Papers was well advertised prior to publication. The first advertisement was only a small one and appeared in " The Times " for March 26th, a similar notice appeared in several other daily papers. With some of the monthly magazines, published at the end of March, a long two-page insert appeared with an extended account of the scope of the work ; from its phrasing, it was the work of Dickens. This, in smaller type was also reproduced at the top of a full page advertisement of Chapman and Hall, in " The Athenaeum " for March 26th.

The honeymoon was spent at Chalk, near Gravesend, in Kent, and was of about a week's duration. There he probably read the first press criticisms of his new venture. They were but few. " The Atlas " was the first ; it reviewed it at the end of the week of publication. It is quite clear from this and other early reviews that the new humour had not tickled the critic's fancy. " We have in vain endeavoured to discover the purpose of this publication . . . which

* Facsimile in "The Dickensian," 1935, p. 12.

† Letter in full in "The Dickensian," 1926, p. 92.

stensibly professes to be funny," said the " Atlas," concluding with The cuts are better than the letterpress, but the whole affair is xcessively dull."

But somebody on the staff of " The Times " was wiser than most. The Times " seldom reviewed books in those days; so *Pickwick* was ot " noticed " ; but a corner of the issue of Thursday, April 7th, gave short extract, headed, " A Cabman's Description of his Horse " From The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club)."

At the end of the week, " The Bath Herald " was very short in its otice. It thought the new work to be " a squib directed against ie British Association " . . . adding, " If this be really not its drift, 'e must leave the solution of the enigma to some other Aedipus." 'he same week " The Literary Gazette " " lifted " a long extract nd tacked it on to a review of some half dozen lines. This probably id more than a much longer review to give the public a taste of what as in store for them. Other papers later on were also profuse in ieir use of free copy; and although it did not help the sale of the rst numbers, the aggregate result was doubtless effective.

This was the position on about April 10th, when Dickens returned om Chalk to superintend the publication of number two. Neither e nor the publishers liked one of the pictures which Seymour had rawn specially to illustrate the story called " The Stroller's Tale," and ickens wrote him on April 14th, asking him to make a slight altera- on in the design, and to call on him on the Sunday and take a glass f grog with him and Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It was a carefully ritten letter, praising Seymour for the work he had already done; ut one can perceive the difficulty Dickens had in approaching the an asking him for another drawing, especially as he had at the outset efused to work to the artist's sketches, and wished the artist to lustrate what he himself had written. No doubt Chapman and Hall ad made the position quite clear to Seymour before the work was roceeded with. At any rate here was a slight hitch, and there was meeting at Furnival's Inn where artist, author and publishers iet over a friendly glass.

Seymour was a man of neurotic type, he worked hard on the altered late, and was at it until late on the Tuesday following. The next iorning he was discovered dead in his garden with a self-inflicted ullet in his head. A letter to his wife was read at the inquest; in he begged her not to blame anyone as he had no enemies; " it is ıy own weakness and infirmity " he said. The jury returned a erdict of " insanity."

Only three plates had been etched for the second number and the ublishers were in a fix. They rightly decided to publish that number ith three instead of four plates, and then look about them for a ıccessor to the deceased artist.

The death of Seymour must have been a sad blow to them. But ith all his popularity, less than 500 copies of the first number had been old; but the publishers doubtless took it for granted that as the ublication progressed and became more popular, there would be

orders for the back numbers and thus they would recoup themselves, and avoid a loss. But Seymour had been the man on whom they were first of all depending, and his death was all the more to be deplored.

Another artist was engaged to fill Seymour's place, a man of repute, but quite unused to the etching process so necessary for book illustration. This was R. W. Buss, who supplied two pictures to Part 3; owing, however, to the lateness of his appointment and the rush of his unusual work, he failed to produce satisfactory pictures, and although he had certainly helped the publishers out of a hole, he was given scant consideration, and a new artist, Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz" was engaged for the fourth number.

The death of Seymour brought a little more attention to the second and third numbers than to the first. "The Morning Post" gave the work a good notice, and the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat, in its May issue, did likewise; but it objected to the word "Posthumous" in the title of the work, saying, "We hope however that he is not quite dead-buried, in oblivion he never will be." The first assertion of Mr. Pickwick's immortality.

"Irresistibly good" was the opinion of "John Bull," "There is as much genuine humour, and as much real fun, in *The Pickwick Papers* as in these days generally fall to the share of half a dozen books of the same size."

In spite of all this praise, the publication still hung fire. Only four or five hundred copies of each of the first three numbers were sold. The plan that a large wholesale bookseller had evolved with the publishers, of sending out fifteen hundred copies on sale or return, had ended in disaster; fourteen hundred and fifty copies of each number had been returned.

Number four contained only two illustrations, instead of the promised four, but the letterpress was increased to 32 pages, and Dickens agreed to accept ten guineas only, for his work.

Into this number a new character, a cockney type, was introduced: Sam Weller; he appeared with just a few whimsicalities towards the end of the number which contained a graphic account of Jingle's elopement with the spinster aunt, their chase by Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle, and their arrival at the White Hart in the Borough.

Contrary to what some writers have asserted, the advent of Sam made no appreciable impression on the public at this time. So far as our researches have informed us, only one London newspaper took any notice of number four. That was "Bell's Life in London"; but not a word about Sam Weller. "The Literary Gazette" which had noticed the first number and left the second and third severely alone, was however, quick to seize upon the new character and in its issue for July 9th, gave a long extract from chapter ten, dealing with the boots at the White Hart in the Borough. William Jerdan was of course responsible for this, and the "Gazette" was well thought of in literary circles.

"We hope and believe that this clever and characteristic publication prospers, as it deserves to do," it said of number five. It was the only London paper to give a notice of *Pickwick* that month.

The circulation of number six showed signs of a decided improvement; people were beginning to talk about Mr. Pickwick and his comical servant; orders for back numbers poured in, and the modest

THE ROYAL FAGIN OF FRANCE INSTRUCTING HIS BOYS.

The Third Leech "Dodger" Cartoon in "Punch"
3rd April, 1846 (*See Page* 184)

or five hundred copies quickly grew to no less than forty thousand, "Phiz" was kept hard at it, etching and re-etching not only his plates but those of Seymour and Buss. No wonder Dickens

should write his first publisher Macrone a postscript in large hand writing " PICKWICK TRIUMPHANT." The success of the publication became the talk of the literary world, and there were now no qualms, no looking back; the publishers were smiling, and increased the author's remuneration to £25.

Dickens's rise to fame is strikingly evidenced in the following passage in " The Quarterly Review," most staid and reliable of contemporaries, which forms an apt conclusion to our subject. It appeared in October 1837 as part of a review of the first seventeen numbers. " In less than six months from the appearance of the first number " it said, " the whole reading public were talking about them and the names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar in their mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of Leo-hunters, male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in the linen-drapers' windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches makers' advertisements. Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets and the portrait of the author of 'Pelham' or 'Crichton' was scraped down or pasted over to make room for that of the new popular favourite in the omnibuses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up, and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show that, in his own particular world, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished but the first."

THE NAME AND MEMORY OF PICKWICK*

By T. STURGE COTTERELL, M.B.E., J.P.

SAMUEL PICKWICK, so we are led to believe, lived at Richmond, nearly the whole of his previous life having been devoted to business and the pursuit of wealth.

One hundred years ago he gave, for nearly two years, a sustained enjoyment, not only to your forebears in London, but to people of all ages and conditions in all parts of the country an account so rich in suggestion, so stored with humorous touches and allusions, as even to-day has never been equalled.

One may almost say that with the exception of Boswell's hero, Johnson, no name has lived in literature as that of Pickwick. Even the early Victorian writers, Thackeray, the Brontës, and George Eliot, never produced in any of their works an outstanding name so well remembered as this one.

And now, one hundred years after he set forth on his peregrinations, his name still produces something of the old Pickwickian laughter and moving humour, for the figure of Pickwick is still known wherever an English story is read.

* Delivered to The City Pickwick Club at the Girdlers' Hall, London, 30th March, 1936.

He was a phenomenon of his time. He drank so much cold punch s to become mellow and affectionate with those around him. Few ings have been so often quoted as the apologetic explanation of the xpression " Pickwickian sense."

Accompanied by the " Invisible Guide," he set forth with his com- anions to see England. How innocent was he of ways and manners f the provincials, the surprises, the awkward predicaments into hich he fell, to be rescued by his faithful servant, Weller.

What is it that makes Pickwick such a living personage to us all, nd one of the most real in the world ? His name perhaps, or was it nat he offered to us scenes of old English state of manners which has ow disappeared or faded out. Was it not his good-natured genial mpanionship, and his simple belief in his fellow man that has made ickwick to you, as to many others throughout the world, a real person ?

Samuel Pickwick came to Bath and he met his namesake Moses, ho but a few hours before was so unceremoniously introduced to im by Sam Weller ; and his curiosity was aroused !

The name Pickwick has been known in Bath for many years, indeed, the sixteenth century a Pickwick adjudicated in a dispute at a uild of Tailors in that city over a waistcoat. If Samuel was perplexed, have been actually told by people who knew him that Moses was ystified when he saw his name in *The Pickwick Papers* and could ot remember Samuel coming to Bath. He took it in good part, but ne reference caused a good deal of amusement to the citizens. Moses ntrolled a large coaching business of 300 horses, the finest turned ut in the West of England, and though for a time this free advertise- ent in *The Pickwick Papers* may have benefited him, the advent f the railway, then rapidly being completed, led to the decline of is business. Moses's end, unlike Samuel's, was rather sad and pathetic. Ie lived long enough to see all his coaches and horses dispersed, his Vhite Hart Inn derelict. He suffered from delusions, but his friends inistered to his wants, provided for him daily his favourite dish of oast pork (it is wonderful what a sustaining food roast pork is to the ged) which enabled Moses to live to the age of 87.

Singular to say, brooding over his misfortunes, he blamed *The Pickwick Papers*, and to his end was fully under the impression that is nephew had written them, and declined to see him.

But what of Samuel ? Having completed his labours he withdraws om the Club, and we are to-day celebrating his one hundredth irthday. " I shall never regret," he said, " having devoted the reater part of two years to mixing with different varieties and shades f human character, frivolous as my pursuit of novelty may have ppeared to many. . . . numerous scenes of which I had no previous onception have dawned upon me; none of my adventures will be ther than a source of amusing and pleasant recollections to me in he decline of my life." And so, with his faithful Sam Weller, he etired to a new house at Dulwich where he spent his remaining days, isited by his friends and old companions.

May the name and memory of Pickwick never fade !

LINES SPOKEN BY MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS

AS MR. PICKWICK AT THE PALLADIUM MATINEE, 31ST MARCH, 1936

DEAR Friends—I thank you for this very kindly welcome :
I've been feeling very nervous—wondering what to say or do.
I was sitting thinking of the days when I was young ;
Then someone called, " Mr. Pickwick, please, they're waiting now for you."
And so that call I answer and appear upon this stage.
I feel I'm not a stranger—may I say a friend ?
And *you* my friends fill me with pride at reaching this great age.
A hundred years I've reached to-day and still I see no end ;
For I'm just as hale and hearty as in 1836,
When young Charles Dickens sprang to fame to wield his magic pen
His name and fame are just the same in 1936 ;
'Twas then he brought the Pickwick Club within the public ken,
And first met *me* ! He little dreamed how great he was to be.
Inspired by God, he caused reforms you all enjoy to-day.
He tried to make a better world ; and I think you will agree
He gave great happiness to all before he passed away.
And now my hundredth birthday you are celebrating here
To help at Charing Cross the godly work of healing,
That old and young, and Tiny Tims who were to him so dear,
May bless the name of Dickens who kindled kindly feeling
By touching first our hearts with grief then helping us to laugh.
I'm proud he first chose me to banish melancholy.
I'm known as Merry Pickwick ; Sam Weller says " Not half ! "
Let's keep our sense of humour like Mark Tapley always jolly.
I look back on my hundred years with pride and pleasure too.
The whole world laughed—ah !—and still laughs at our funny capers
With Tupman, Winkle, Snodgrass and all our merry crew ;
We're known throughout the world in the dear old Pickwick Papers
Your fathers—ah ! and grandpas too—just took us to their hearts,
And you *their* children here to-day shew just the same affection.
So with such love we can't grow old—but still will play our parts
To brighten up the road of life and banish all dejection.
So with kindly words and cheery smiles and Sam Weller's quips and cranks,
I take my leave—my heart full of gratitude and thanks.
God bless our Country and our King, and may we never cease
To pray—that some day he and we shall wear the Crown of Peace.

THE PICKWICK CENTENARY

MAKING LITERARY HISTORY

EVENTS have proved the statement made at the Conference by Mr. Walter Dexter, in his capacity of Chairman of the Council, hat we were assisting in making literary history, for during that eriod there was not a newspaper of importance that did not present s readers with some special article on the subject which has proved unique occasion in the annals of Literature. The remarkably long st of " Dickensiana of the Quarter " printed in this issue is eloquent f this fact.

The whole of the celebrations as outlined in our last number, with few additions, were most successfully carried out.

The Chairman's Reception on the Friday evening was an unqualified uccess. As Mr. Wardle, accompanied by his mother (who for the nonce ut aside her rightful position as his wife), Mr. Walter Dexter received ver four hundred delegates from all parts of the world at Dingley)ell (otherwise Caxton Hall, Westminster) beneath a snow-laden sky, ie skilful work of Miss Minards and other lady helpers. Considerably iore than half the company came attired as Dickens characters, many i the same costumes as they were to wear in the Dickens pageant at ie Palladium the following Tuesday afternoon. The several rooms nd balconies (not forgetting the Council Chamber where refreshments ere served) were filled with a gay and happy crowd, and there was ancing and conversation until midnight, interspersed with speciality ances by a clever company of children in Pickwickian costumes, and the only harp in Muggleton " gracefully played by Miss Maxted. ady Dickens and her daughter Olive (Mrs. Shuckburgh) judged the)stumes, and it is worthy of note that the majority of prizes were warded to the characters wearing the costumes provided by the ostume Department of the Fellowship ; also that Mrs. Shuckburgh's)n assisted in the selection. It was happy to see the third generation the Dickens family taking an active interest in the Fellowship.

THE CONFERENCE BUSINESS MEETING was held in the Old Hall, incoln's Inn, on Saturday, March 28th.

From the assembling delegates many expressions of pleasurable irprise were heard at finding themselves in such congenial surround-gs as that afforded by the Old Hall, so intimately associated with ickens. The morning sun shone brilliantly and the atmosphere side the Hall was a delightful contrast to that described by Dickens the opening chapter of *Bleak House*. Nothing fog-like or dreary at all brightness and animation.

Punctually at 10 o'clock, the Chairman of Council, Mr. Walter exter, ascended the dais and in the absence of the President, Sir ephen Killik (not yet returned from his tour abroad) warmly wel-)med the delegates and made suitable references to the historic uilding in which they were met. Proceeding to deliver " The hairman's Address," Mr. Dexter dealt with the early days of 1836

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating), and Rates	58 18 8	
,, Printing and Stationery	25 15 2	
,, Salaries 232 2 6		
Less Contributed by "The Dickens House" 94 5 0		
	137 17 6	
,, General Expenses and Postage	86 4 2	
		308 15 6
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members	21 12 0	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries	2 17 9	
		24 9 9
,, Meetings		19 16 4
,, Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—		
Donations to Cot Fund	15 15 0	
Sundry Donations, Toys, Christmas Entertainments Account	30 1 0	
		45 16 0
,, Pickwick Centenary Fund (*per contra*)		19 3 8
Depreciation—		
Library, Pictures, and Furniture		5 11 8
,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		49 7 6
		£473 0 5

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st March, 1935	236 5 0	
Subscriptions received during the period	15 15 0	
		252 0 0
Badges Account—		
As at 31st March, 1935	1 16 0	
Excess of Receipts over Payments during the period	3 11 6	
	5 7 6	
Less Grant to Costume Department	1 16 0	
		3 11 6
Special Reserve Fund—		
As at 31st March, 1935	937 14 0	
Less Amount transferred to Advertising Fund	200 0 0	
		737 14 0
Advertising Fund—		
As at 31st March, 1935	50 0 0	
Add Amount transferred from Special Reserve Fund	200 0 0	
	250 0 0	
Less Payments during the period	126 11 1	
		123 8 11
The Pickwick Centenary Fund —		
As at 31st March, 1935	49 12 4	
Add Excess of Receipts over Payments during the period	19 3 8	
		68 16 0
Costume Department—		
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date		94 5 0
Dramatic Section—		
Balance due to Treasurer		5 13 6
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 1st April, 1935	216 6 5	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the period ended 31st December, 1935	49 7 6	
		265 13 11
		£1551 2 10

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE PERIOD ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1935. Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters' Members	304 9 0	
Branches	26 13 3	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (*less* Tax)	3 19 3	
		335 1 6
,, Interest on Loan to Dickens House (Gross)		6 11 0
,, Receipts for Charity—		
Sundry Donations, etc.	14 12 6	
Interest on 4% Consols (Gross)	2 7 3	
		16 19 9
,, Amounts raised on behalf of the Pickwick Centenary Fund less payments (*per contra*)		19 3 8
,, Amount charged to *The Dickensian* for General Expenses and Postage		95 4 6

NOTE.—Subscriptions due from Branches but remaining unpaid have not been brought into Account.

£473 0 5

AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1935.

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment at cost—		
As at 31st March, 1935, £255 12s. 8d. 4% Consols	236 5 0	
Purchased during the period, £13 6s. 10d. 4% Consols	15 15 0	
		252 0 0
(Market Value at 31st December, 1935, £308 0s. 0d.)		
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
As at 31st March, 1935, £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols		105 0 0
(Market Value at 31st December, 1935, £135 7s. 11d.)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st March, 1935	74 9 2	
Less Depreciation at 10%	5 11 8	
		68 17 6
Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	6 11 0	
	556 11 0	
Contribution Account	42 1 9	
		598 12 9
,, *Dickensian*—Contribution Account		57 16 0
,, Costume Department—		
Cash at Bank and in Hand		94 5 0
,, Dramatic Section—		
Excess of Expenditure over Income to date		5 13 6
Cash at Bank	373 18 8	
Less Petty Cash Overdrawn	5 0 7	
		368 18 1

£1551 2 10

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
24th February, 1936. *Hon. Auditors.*

and the reception of the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* by the contemporary Press of one hundred years ago—a most interesting address which gave tone to this part of the Pickwick Centenary Celebrations and called forth the warm applause of the delegates.

This was followed by the Roll of Branches being called and the attendances recorded as follows :—Balham, 8 : Hackney, 8 ; Leyton, 9 : St. Pancras, 19 ; Dickensian Tabard Players, 3 ; Bath, 3 ; Bedford, 1 ; Birmingham, 8 ; Blackburn, 1 ; Blackpool, 1 ; Brighton, 3 ; Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, 1 : Bromley, 5 ; Canterbury, 1 ; Cheltenham, 9 ; Eastbourne, 6 ; Edgware, 5 : Edinburgh, 7 ; Gloucester, 2 ; Hatfield, 4 ; Hull, 2 ; Lancaster, 2 : Liverpool, 11 ; Manchester, 24 ; Nottingham, 35 : Plymouth, 4 : Portsmouth, 1 ; Redditch, 2 ; Rochester, 13 : Sheffield, 4 ; Southampton, 4 ; Southend, 12 ; Wellingborough, 4 ; Whitstable, 7 ; Woodville, 3 : Brisbane, 1 ; Edmonton (Alberta), 1 ; Toronto, 1 ; Vancouver, 1 : Victoria, B.C., 1 ; Philadelphia, 1 ; Copenhagen, 3 ; Headquarters, 76 ; a record Conference attendance of 319.

The Minutes of the last Conference having been approved by the Council were taken as read and signed.

The Annual Report of the Council was then read by the Hon. Secretary. Mr. J. Cooper Sands (Nottingham) proposed its adoption, and in doing so congratulated Headquarters on a fine year's work, instancing Mr. Dexter's labour and trouble in preparing the special *Pickwick* numbers of *The Dickensian*, and congratulating the Costume Department on its development and advancement. Mr. Boothman heartily seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

At the invitation of the Chairman, the delegates stood a moment in silent tribute to the memory of those Dickensians who had passed on during the year.

The Hon. Treasurer then presented a Balance Sheet for nine months to 31st December, in accordance with an arrangement made at the request of the Hon. Auditors. Much satisfaction was expressed at the good financial statement and in particular at the fine asset of the Costume Department. The accounts were adopted on the proposition of Mr. Hansor (Eastbourne), seconded by Mr. Evans (Manchester). It was proposed from the Chair, and carried, that the Resolution passed at last Conference " That the Balance Sheet should shew last year's figures " be rescinded, one vote only being recorded against.

The existing Vice-Presidents were re-elected for the year as were also the Executive Officers, viz. The Hon Secretary : Mr. A. W. Edwards ; the Hon. Treasurer : Mr. T. W. Hill ; the Hon. Editor : Mr. Walter Dexter.

The proposition was submitted by Mr. A. S. Mason (Liverpool) in a very humorous speech appreciative of the work of the Executive Officers, to which Maj.-Gen. H. S. Neville White added sincere thanks in seconding the re-election. Mr. T. W. Hill expressed the thanks of the Executive Officers for the renewed confidence placed in them.

On the proposition of Mr. Mitchell (Cheltenham), seconded by Mr. Palmer (Rochester), the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith

& Whinney, were unanimously re-elected and a cordial letter of thanks ordered to be sent them for their services in the past.

Two places were in competition for the holding of Conference in 1937. Mr. Moffett voiced the claims of Manchester, and Mr. Bertram Sutton those of Portsmouth. Both invitations were of a very cordial character. They were well discussed, and on the vote being taken, by a show of hands, Portsmouth was accepted by a majority of 17 votes.

A hope was expressed that Manchester would extend their invitation for 1938, and it was agreed that if the invitation for 1938 was received by 31st December, it would be accepted and considered binding.

Oliver Twist was selected as the book for 1937-38 session.

Mr. Evans, Miss Bryan and Mrs. Newcombe reported on the activities of the Regional Groups 1, 3 and 6 respectively, shewing continued good work.

Mr. F. R. Dean (Manchester) proposed a vote of thanks to Headquarters and all the London Branches for the excellent arrangements made for the Conference and the Centenary Celebrations, which was enthusiastically seconded by Mrs. Evans (Manchester), and carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Walter Dexter, was feelingly proposed by Mr. W. R. Frith (Southend), seconded by Mr. Geo. Boothman (Liverpool) and carried unanimously.

A Resolution was passed " that the Minutes of Conference be submitted to the next Council Meeting for approval," and the proceedings closed at 12-45 p.m.

THE BANQUET at Grosvenor House on the Centenary Day was naturally the climax of the week. Here a record number of six hundred guests assembled under the chairmanship of the President, Sir Stephen Killik, who had returned from South Africa only the day previously. The company was fully representative of the universal appeal of Dickens. His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador (Senor Don Ranón Perez de Ayala), the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Viscountess Snowden, the Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan and Lady Macmillan, Lady Dickens, Mrs. Waley, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Shuckburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Dickens, Mr. Philip Dickens, and Miss Florence Dickens. The original illustrators were represented by their descendants, Miss Frances M. Buss and Messrs. Douglas G. and Kenneth R. G. Browne, and among other guests were Sir Walter Alcock, M.V.O., Mus. Doc., Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley, Sir Buckston Browne, F.R.G.S., Hon. James Connolly, Rev. F. W. D. Curtoys, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. E. Guy Dawber, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Foyle, Mr. Philip Guedalla, Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey, Mr. E. V. Knox, Mr. H. G. D. Leveson-Gower, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Sir Eric Maclagen, Mr. Bertram Mills, Mr. Alfred Noyes, C.B.E., LL.D., Sir Gervais and Lady Rentoul, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Robbins, Mr. Walter T. Spencer, Mr. Ralph Straus, Major-General H. S. Neville White, Mr. and Miss Bransby Williams, Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham.

The tables were tastefully decorated, and behind the Chairman's seat towered a figure in wax of the immortal Mr. Pickwick himself, modelled specially by Mr. Bernard Tussaud. A novel grace was said by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, "For Food and Fellowship and the Memory of Charles Dickens, thank God."

Sir John Martin-Harvey proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory of Dickens, which, as usual, was drunk in silence, and then followed the toast to the Immortal Memory of Samuel Pickwick, admirably delivered by Mr. Philip Guedalla. This was received with great applause and drunk with musical honours. Viscountess Snowden proposed the toast to the Dickens Fellowship, briefly referring to its history, aims, and work. Sir Stephen Killik responded, and so a very memorable evening terminated. A. W. E.

PICKWICK CENTENARY CELEBRATED IN CHICAGO

THE Pickwick Centenary was celebrated in Chicago with a special banquet, the largest gathering of its kind in the history of the Branch.

Through the co-operation of Mrs. Joseph H. Biggs, in whose home the banquet was held, an English dinner was served such as would have delighted Mr. Pickwick, with roast beef, brown potatoes, and real Yorkshire pudding, the latter being an especial treat to Chicago Dickensians. The dessert consisted of ice cream frozen in the form of a book with the title of one of Dickens' novels written on in chocolate icing.

The Toast to the Immortal Memory was delivered by Mrs. Beatrice Colby Hyman, who praised Dickens as the sponsor of the underprivileged child. The Pickwick centennial address was delivered by Dr. Horace J. Bridges, leader of the Chicago Ethical Society, who said that of all modern philosophers his favourites had ever remained Sam and Tony Weller. The universality of the book was considered, and the work as a whole weighed and not found wanting. Included in the entertainment was a sleight of hand illusion by Mr. Edward F. Rines, Branch Secretary, in which the jolly face of Mr. Pickwick slowly took form on a suspended blank canvas.

ANOTHER "UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER"

NOT because this book* is written by one of our members or because he has dedicated the section of it devoted to "English Sketches" to his "friends of The Dickens Fellowship" do we recommend it to the attention of the readers of *The Dickensian*, but because we have enjoyed every line of its three hundred pages, brief and telling word-pictures of places at home and abroad, the result of infinite pains in taking trains—and making observations.

BUSS'S LETTER TO FORSTER

THIS important letter, printed on pages 101-104 of our last issue, was kindly lent us for reproduction by Count de Suzannet.

* "Taking Trains," by Rathmel Wilson, F.R.G.S. 5s. The Channing Press, Dawlish.

THE DICKENS MATINEE

T was very proper and appropriate that the original publishers of *Pickwick* should mark the centenary by organising a matinée aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. We know that Dickens's own art would have responded; do we doubt but that he whose centenary e were celebrating, whose insurance office was philanthropy, would ve blessed such a tribute to his memory? Indeed, we know he did, r there he was, in complete possession of the body of Bransby illiams, beaming his gladness and approval from his organs of nevolence to the soles of his feet. But—and here comes the only te of criticism—why was there not more *Pickwick*? The *Bleak ouse* play, glorious reminiscence of that Victorian melodrama which ckens loved so much, was admirably acted; who among us was not lighted to see Sir John Martin-Harvey at his very best? The charm that *Cricket on the Hearth* ballet was complete, and the Pageant as nearly perfect. But were we not celebrating the centenary of the nglish humorous masterpiece? I am bound to confess that I was nscious of a sense of incongruity when surreptitiously moving my ndkerchief to my eyes as Poor Jo pleaded for the light. Honestly, could not help remembering that there is a quite admirable Trial ene in *Pickwick*, that Bransby would have made a quite satisfactory uzfuz, and that the *Bleak House* company could have filled the other rts very well indeed. And would not Sir John have been equal to inkle? I feel sure he would.

I do not wish to be critical of what was given us. I could not indeed critical, but I did feel that something in the nature of a *faux pas* as made by omitting the *Pickwick Papers* from the programme. nd having said that, let me say that the show was one of extraordinly high quality. The end of Mr. Tulkinghorn was what Dick iveller might call a bit of a staggerer, but if Mr. Bernard Darwin ows facetious over that green light, I shall ask him, "Wouldn't you rn green if you were a bad man and suddenly saw a ghost aiming loaded pistol at you?" I know it wasn't a ghost, but Tulkinghorn ought it was, and that was what mattered after all. Of course, I re not attempt to name everybody in the cast, but I must mention st two or three. What range young Bobby Rietti may have I do t know, but I do know that his acting as Poor Jo was amazingly od. If I had not seen it I would not have believed that so young a mber of his sex could have played such a part with such convincing thos. Never have I seen a Dickens character on the stage that ore completely satisfied me. Then, I particularly liked Margaretta ott's Lady Dedlock, and Ambrose Manning's Inspector Bucket: ayllis Thomas's Hortense was admirable, and Peter Dearing's Mr. ippy revealed Dickensian understanding.

Next we had the first act of "The Only Way." Of that I need say more than that Sir John was at his very very best. The *Cricket on e Hearth* ballet was all charm, very sweetly conceived and daintily

presented. And the exhibition of Turvydropism by Major Cecil H. Taylor and Felicity Deane was a sheer delight.

The Pageant, as I have said, was nearly perfect. It was well thought out and well staged. Over a hundred characters came to life. Some were more realistic than others, but the complete effect was impressive.

If I have kept Bransby to the last, he knows it is not because I think he was the least. What a master he still is ! Not only master of make-up—and who surpasses him at that ?—but master of character. His Pickwick was, if I may so express it, champion, and the speech he made in that character was completely apropos. Later he appeared as Dickens himself at three ages—at the *Pickwick*, the *Copperfield*, and the *Drood* ages. All admirably done, with three speeches perfectly appropriate. Bransby demonstrated that in his own line he is yet supreme.

I understand the Charing Cross Hospital benefited to the extent of over £700 as the result of the matinée, and I congratulate all concerned on the achievement. J. W. T. Ley.

THE MAN AND THE BOOK*

Dickens the man and Dickens the writer of stories are so inseparable that one wonders why the idea of such a book has not occurred to any author and publisher before. But now it has been done, we are glad that Mr. Straus should be the author, as it is a very welcome supplement to his masterly study of some eight years ago. Here we have a Dickens anthology at its very best ; well-chosen selections from practically all the works, with copious biographical links between each. As an introduction for new readers, of which there will be many thousands this year of the Pickwick Centenary, we can heartily commend this addition to the Argosy Books, and its very low price of 3s. 6d. will put it within the reach of all. To sophisticated Dickensians we can also recommend it with equal heartiness, as its make-up is fresh, every line is full of interest, and its accuracy undoubted. Being of handy size, it makes a perfect pocket companion, and an equally agreeable bedside book.

The Hackney Branch has suffered a great loss in the sudden death of Mr. M. J. Saunders. Mr. Saunders had been the Hon. Treasurer of the branch for several years ; he was one of the delegates sent to the Conference in London, and a frequent visitor to functions held at Headquarters. He was for many years Headmaster at the Hague Street School, Bethnal Green, and was a man of considerable learning and of deep humility. Whenever a lecture, paper or debate was wanted, he was always willing to supply what was required. He was a great lover of literature and a good Dickensian, possessing in a large measure those virtues so deeply loved by Dickens—charity, cheerfulness and good nature. He was a true friend, a delightful companion, and a splendid colleague. It will be long before we see his like again.

J. H. McN.

* " Dickens the Man and the Book," by Ralph Straus. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.

THE PORTSMOUTH PILGRIMAGE

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object." . . . I must have got either e wrong quotation or the wrong day. Let's try again.

" A very unpropitious morning . . . muggy, damp, and drizzly . . . the ewspaper boys looked moist and smelt mouldy ; the wet ran off the ats of the orange-vendors as they thrust their heads into the coach ndows, and diluted the insides in a refreshing manner." (A much ore appropriate opening.—*Ed.*)

It was noticed, however, in the train (special coaches, if you please) Portsmouth that, of the sixty-odd members present, at least two- irds were weather prophets, even if they were not weather-wise. ny lack of wisdom was made amply good by optimism ; the sun as sure to come out on the coast if London skies were dull and *vice- rsa*. Perhaps it was the anticipation of an improvement that made e journey seem so short.

On the train was Mr. Singleton Gates, who gave out coloured vours—red, white and blue—so that we should be sorted into the rrect motor coaches and forwarded to the Dockyard where Captain . E. Ladd shepherded the various parties over H.M.S. *Victory*—a scinating tour. Of course, the most impressive spot was the cock- t where Nelson died, and one realized the adverse conditions under nich the surgeons had to minister to the wounded hero when the val cicerone turned off the modern bright electric illumination and bstituted lanterns with one candle power lamps. The strength the old " wooden walls " was also accented by the great size of the bitts " on the lower deck, round which was hitched the enormous mpen cable used to bring so huge a vessel to anchor (perhaps in a oppy sea), and the immense capstans for hauling the cable.

Thence a short walk, under umbrellas, to the impressive Trafalgar norama, graphically explained by Captain Ladd.

The motor coaches whisked us off, and I must say whisked, as with utical precision we were working to a time-table, to the Guildhall nere we were the guests of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who d invited us all to luncheon. " A very good notion of a lunch it is, ke it altogether "—it would have delighted Sam Weller and would obably have been the death of the Fat Boy. It made a solid undation for the oratory that followed. Alderman F. G. Foster oposed prosperity to the Dickens Fellowship, emphasising the work the Portsmouth Branch in keeping alive the objects for which we ist. In the unavoidable absence of our President, Sir Stephen llik, Mr. T. W. Hill responded, pointing out that the Conference d been completely rounded off by this visit to Portsmouth, Dickens's rthplace, as the delegates had already been to Rochester where he ent his childhood, Gad's Hill where he died, and Westminster Abbey nere he was buried. Alderman F. Beddow toasted the Centenary Pickwick, and Vice-Admiral G. C. Dickens responded, and took e opportunity of mooting the idea that Gad's Hill Place should in

some way be acquired for the nation as a Dickens Memorial. Mr. Walter Dexter in a happy speech thanked the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for their abounding hospitality.

Then Mr. Singleton Gates produced his time-table and ordered a start for the Birthplace in Commercial Road, after which the cavalcade (can a stream of motor coaches be called a cavalcade ?—*Ed.*) drove through the drizzle, of which no one took any notice, along the sea-front and so to the Air Port, where within hailing distance of the landing place was served a tea compared with which the refection set before the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association was a mere "circumstance." Just as the whole company were exhibiting symptoms of beginning to swell wisibly, Brother Tadgers, I mean Edwards, in a few well-chosen phrases, very neatly summed up our thanks to the Lord Mayor and the City of Portsmouth. No effort was made to fit the tune of the Old Hundredth to the words of the "Jolly Young Waterman."

The return to London was made from Fratton Station, and all too soon Waterloo was reached, when, on the platform SPLASH ! and the expedition was shattered, shivered, and split up into its component individuals, who scattered in various directions to their homes in different parts of the world, more than satisfied at so glorious an ending to a memorable Conference. T. W. Hill.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS IN ITALY

By ANNA PAZZI

THE first Italian translations of some of Dickens's works appeared during his lifetime, but I cannot trace a complete edition of *The Pickwick Papers* to an earlier date than 1904, when Treves published "Il Circolo Pickwick," translated by F. Verdinois.

For my comparison I have consulted one of the later editions, "Le Avventure di Pickwick," translated by the late Silvio Spaventa Filippi and published by Sonzogno in 1925.

Spaventa Filippi was one of the greatest lovers of Dickens in Italy. He gets over the difficulties of the translation remarkably well, and the humour of the original seems unimpaired, judging from the appreciation of Italian readers.

Let us glance at some of the principal characters and see how they appear in Italian.

The Pickwickians lose nothing of their charm, but Sam Weller undergoes a transformation. In Italian, no trick of speech is available to the translator in substitution for the Cockney V and W ; therefore, instead of the illiterate Londoner of the original, we meet a servant whose speech is grammatically correct !

The "Wellerisms" almost invariably lend themselves to a literal translation, but one or two have been quite transformed, others somewhat adapted. For example, in Chap. XXV :

n's remark :

" This is a wery impartial ountry for justice.

" There ain't a magistrate oin' as don't commit himself wice as often as he commits ther people."

becomes in Italian :

" Justice is most impartial here. It condemns everybody and there's an end to it ! "

Chap. XXVI :

" Wery sorry to 'casion any ersonal inconwenience, ma'am, s the housebreaker said to the ld lady when he put her on he fire."

is rendered :

" Sorry to disturb you, madam, as that murderer said, putting the old hag on the fire."

n Chap. XLIV, the pun on the word " confined " is absolutely lost.

n's remark :

" I'm a pris'ner, gen'l'm'n ; on-fin'd, as the lady said."

reads in Italian :

" I've been locked up, gentlemen. The gate has been bolted and barred."[1]

Nevertheless, Sam Weller is quite funny and very popular. Tony ller, filially greeted in the original by the familiar " my ancient," ddressed in Italian : " Well, how are you, my dear ancestor ? "

n Chap. LV, his contrast of " probe it " and " probate " is quite usingly rendered by " register " and " registration."

Alfred Jingle, Esq., of " No Hall, Nowhere," introduces himself in lian as " Jingle of . . . of . . . Can'tsaywhere." His clipped speech faithfully reproduced throughout.

A useful character for comparison is Count Smorltork, at Mrs. Leo nter's garden-party. His faulty English discourse has been cleverly dered in the Italian version, with the frequent use of infinitives, as lows :

' Pig Vig or Big Vig ? How call ? . . . Pick—name, Wicks—surname. w be, Wicks ? . . . Introduced to Snoicrass, creat poet . . . by Mrs. nter, that write other nice poems . . . what call . . . Wool . . . piring Wool."

The last two words are used as a substitute for the English pun : Perspiring Fog " in place of " Expiring Frog." In Italian, the play n only be on the noun.*

As to the well-known scenes—such as the elopement of Jingle and chel Wardle, Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the lady in curl-papers, e skating-party at Dingley Dell, etc., they are just as irresistible as the original.

The Sonzogno edition of " Le Avventure di Pickwick " is published two volumes, sold in a wrapper, on which is written : " . . . This vel is an inexhaustible source of gaiety, to which we constantly rn for the joy of the heart and the recreation of the mind."

Recently, at the Rome University, Prof. Formichi, member of the Accademia d'Italia," expressed the opinion that *The Pickwick Papers* lly justifies his conviction that Charles Dickens is a Colossus !

* Rana spirante—lana spirante (frog expiring; wool expiring).

SOME EARLY REVIEWS OF *PICKWICK*

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR

"THE ATLAS." 3rd April, 1836.

We have in vain endeavoured to discover the purpose of this pu lication, which is edited by Boz, and which ostensibly professes to very funny. The Pickwick Club are a set of worthies, who inv some of their confraternity with the title of Corresponding Socie authorising them from time to time to communicate the result of th various journeys and adventures, for the edification and amuseme of the general body. The papers thus elicited constitute the mat of this strange publication, and consist in curious street sketch anecdotes of all sorts and kinds, and magnified trifles, told in a va and jocose spirit. The Pickwickians are essentially Cocknies (*sic*) the true stamp, and the wit of the writer has no wider range th through that melancholy region of exhausted comicality, which Ho and Poole and Smith and Cruikshank have reaped, until they ha not left a single laugh behind. The cuts are better than the lett press, but the whole affair is excessively dull.

"THE NEWS AND SUNDAY HERALD." 10th April, 1836.

This is a novelty in the monthly innumerables. "Boz" of Sketch celebrity has undertaken to chronicle the sayings and doings of cockney fraternity yclept Pickwickians, whose whims and oddit he has Hook-ed in with facetious felicity and Hood-ed over with m risible ridicule. The plan is in some measure the same as that adopt in Irving's Bracebridge Hall, and the spirit of the author of t "Sketch Book" is not wanting in the development of the vario peculiarities with which the Pickwickians are by no means sparing gifted. The illustrations by Seymour are worth more than the pr charged for the part. The letter-press is of corresponding merit— all respects worthy of the already successful efforts of both artist a author; and in short these "papers" come before us with the u exceptionable claims to our best consideration, save that they a headed by an advertisement of pompous insipidity, in which modes is sacrificed to a contemptible thirst for display, and a wretch attempt at tawdry smartness substituted for the commonsense a business air that should characterise tradesmen's bulletins.

"BATH HERALD." 9th April, 1836.

This appears to us to be a squib directed against the British As ciation for the encouragement of the arts, sciences, literature, et which has had meetings in London, Edinborough, Dublin, and is abo to sit next in Bristol. If this be really not its drift, we must lea the solution of the enigma to some other Œdipus. It is very diverti in some scenes, and the wit, though somewhat obscure, appears least harmless.

"BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON." 10th April, 1836.

A periodical under the title of "The Posthumous Papers of t Pickwick Club" has just come forth. It is edited by Boz, wh humourous productions are already familiar to our readers, and wh power of describing the singular and the ridiculous, in the hum

haracter, is not excelled by any writer of modern times. The present vork is full of quaint humour and close observation of the eccentricities of mankind, and will amply sustain the fame which Boz has already acquired in the same amusing style. Another periodical, entitled "The Library of Fiction" has been commenced by the same publishers, and here Boz also shines conspicuous in a sketch "The Tuggs' at Ramsgate," which for a fiction comes nearer to reality than many of the most probable delineations of the day. We cannot say so much for the other "fictions" which are to be found in the same number.

"THE COURT JOURNAL." 30th April, 1836.

We have glanced at the humourous designs with which these first numbers* are illustrated in a less mirthful mood than this whim and spirit were intended to create. They are, we believe, the last that sprung from the overwrought brain of poor Mr. Seymour. His melancholy death gives a painful interest to them; though in themselves they contain no indication of weakness or wildness of mind.

"Little think they who rejoice in his strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

The "Pickwickian" illustrations are highly characteristic of his quick and various pencil. They evince a sense of character that hardly renders it just to designate him a caricaturist. He only painted portraits of certain classes of society, placed in the most grotesque light and grouped in stage-effect. In all that he touched he showed great original humour, and can ill be spared by the lovers of extravagant mirth. In Boz, who is the editor of these Pickwickian pleasantries, Seymour found a writer of congenial spirit and humour. They were associated for a great purpose, says the prospectus. . . .

The idea of the work, which is to extend to several numbers, was doubtless suggested by Poole's memorable researches into the marvels of Little Peddlington. The great Pickwick is manifestly a Little Peddlingtonian. But he is worthy of the place as the following speech will show:

(Extract, part commencing "Mr. Pickwick's oration" and ending with "Pickwickian constitution.") The commencement of the journey of discovery by Mr. Pickwick and his companions is very comical, and promises a pleasant Christmas Pantomime sort of trip. Since writing the above, we have received the second number in which the following allusion is made to Mr. Seymour.

(Extract from Address in No. 2. "We do not allude . . . one.")

"THE SATIRIST." 30th April, 1836.

Boz is really an agreeable fellow, and whether he travels by himself or in association, enough is seen of him to give us a high relish for his company. He has an aptitude of delineation that must render him at all times amusing, and many of his scenes are sketched with a master hand. He is one of the few authors of whom we never tire. He wastes not words, or rather he does not allow words to weaken the power or effect of his conception. This number contains the last effort of the talented Seymour, a man whose death is a public loss,

* Reviewed also No. 1 of "The Library of Fiction."

for with the exception of the inimitable Cruikshank, he had no " riv near his throne."

" BATH CHRONICLE." 12th May, 1836.

The second number of this humourous publication is as full of s and racy fun as the first. Intimate acquaintance with that stran piece of patchwork—human life, peeps forth in every page.

" THE SUN." 2nd May, 1836.

The second number of an entertaining, miscellaneous collection tales, anecdotes, etc., collected and arranged by Boz and illustrat by Seymour. The best, at least the most vigorously written, tale the one which describes the death of a low Pantomime actor at o of the minor theatres.

" THE MORNING POST." 11th May, 1836.

We have been highly amused by the perusal of this number, t first of a series, designed to convey to the world a faithful record the perambulations, perils, travels, adventures, and sporting tra actions of the corresponding members of the Pickwick Club, happ illustrated by the piquant talents of Seymour. The last (alas !) th shall ever proceed from the same pencil. The Club consists of a doz worthy individuals (representative of as many classes of character the Oriental society of our Metropolis, four of whom undertake t perilous labours of travel and research in the environs, under t classification of " Corresponding Members " and (viewing eve adventure through the magnifying powers of their own city opti present a rich treat to the lovers of the mental-picturesque, and affo us many a hearty laugh at the practical development of the ambiti tastes, and learning of " the natives." " Boz " is a shrewd obser of all the phases of citizenship, stationary or warding, waxing waning, effulgent or eclipsed, and has the happiest knack in the wo of combining the glowing outlines of personal sublimity with th recipient risibility of conception which makes them unconsciou waver into profiles of the ridiculous. His imitations of Parliamenta eloquence and etiquette in the proceedings of the Pickwick Club particularly good.

" SUNDAY TIMES." 12th June, 1836.

This little work is brought out under the editorship of a gentlem who, under the whimsical nomenclature of Boz has already afford us no ordinary gratification by his laughable sketches of charact The style is that of Fielding and Smollett, and we can truly affi that no modern writer has approached so nearly to those great origin The graphic illustrations to the early numbers were by Seymour, wh melancholy suicide we mentioned some time since.

(To be continued)

The Bath Branch is to be congratulated on the success of its effo to present a " Little Dorrit " Cot to the Bath Eye Infirmary.

* * * * *

Mr. A. S. Mason, President of the Liverpool Branch, spoke on " T Centenary of the Pickwick Papers " at the Birkenhead Round Ta Luncheon on April 2nd.

STUDIES ON "EDWIN DROOD"

By C. F. LEHMANN-HAUPT

(*Continued from page* 137)

8. Lobley.

That Lobley, Tartar's man, was to have played a not unimportant part in the development of the plot of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is to be inferred from the loving care and the degree of detail which Dickens devoted to him when describing the trip up the Thames in Chapter XXII. "A gritty state of things comes on," this description being underlined and stressed by Fildes' illustration "Up the River," the last one that Fildes completed for the novel.

Lobley's importance has been rightly acknowledged by Mr. Carden, although his idea ("The Murder of Edwin Drood," p. 125) that Lobley was the second of the pursuers on the staircase as shewn on the right side of the Cover cannot be accepted since, I have shewn (1935 vol., p. 302) that Lobley cannot have taken part in this pursuit at all.

But there is another indication of Dickens's intentions concerning Lobley.

Dickens had originally intended to mention Lobley when first he described Tartar's room but on second thoughts he dropped this idea.

I have mentioned already (1936 vol., p. 30) that Mr. Carden and myself had re-examined Dickens's MS. together. We found that Dickens altered his MS. not only by changing and deleting what he had written, but also in four cases, by pasting over what he had written with a slip of paper on which he substituted lines to replace those that he had rejected. In Chapter II of the MS., "A gritty state of things comes on," which was numbered XXII in Forster's publication of Part VI of the novel, we read at the end of the first paragraph in Dickens's handwriting, "and gave hoarse orders to heave the anchor up and look alive there, men, and get all sail upon her," and this passage appears in the printed text with only the alteration of "have" for "heave" and "given" for "gave."

But the whole of the following paragraph from "Mr. Tartar doing the honours of this gallant craft" to "with the hand that had had Mr. Crisparkle's life in it," as well as the next sentence, "Helena, Helena Landless! Are you there?" are written on a slip of paper pasted over an extensive passage of about twelve written lines, struck out plantingly from top to bottom. The slip being pasted on rather firmly we only succeeded, with some difficulty, in reading parts of the beginning and of the end of the deleted passage under the slip viz. :—

In the first line and somewhat to the right of it : *servant in these chambers* ;
In the last line but one : *said Mr. Tartar, he is a tailor* ;
In the last line : *Jack of all trades, but he was apprenticed to . . .*

Thus it would seem that Dickens not only shifted his first mention of Lobley to the later part of the same Chapter, which might have been due to artistic considerations, but he had also started to give

some information about his professional training, when, on second thoughts, he deferred this to a later opportunity; thus depriving us of this knowledge—unless permission were given by the Museum authorities carefully to loosen the slip and read what it covers.

Consequently, we are only able to corroborate our original impression, based on the description of the trip up the River, that Lobley, who "was in charge of Tartar's yacht and was detached upon his present service" rowing the boat up the Thames; whose "mere grin over the bows" put to rights Mr. Grewgious's steering which was all wrong, and who later on "danced the tightrope the whole length of the boat, like a man to whom shoes were a superstition and stockings a slavery" was to have been a person of some significance, as the continuation of Dickens's novel would have shewn.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF PICKWICK

Dr. Logan Clendening, of Kansas City, has a full-blooded admiration for Dickens, which has found vent this year in the publication of a little book entitled "A Handbook to Pickwick Papers."*

It contains rather a good history of the story, although we cannot accept the statements "the actual writing was begun probably in January, 1836. The first announcement by the publishers was made in February, 1836." Quite half the book is devoted to the topography of *Pickwick* based, we are told, upon several visits to England, but the author appears to have missed, among other places, the George and Vulture, and Osborne's in the Adelphi, and there is not a word about Garraway's, the White Horse Cellar, Belle Sauvage, or the Blue Boar in Leadenhall Market. He has not consulted Matz's "Inns and Taverns of Pickwick," as we do not find it included in the "Bibliography of Pickwick" with which the book is provided. Neither is Mr. Dexter's "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages," nor Mr. Hammond Hall's "Mr. Pickwick's Kent," both indispensable books for any writer on *Pickwick* topography. There is a curious folding sketch-map provided, titled "Pickwickian London," which for some unaccountable reason includes Buckingham Palace (pictorially represented), yet omits any mention of Lombard Street, Goswell Street, The Adelphi, Doughty Street, Grays Inn, and Furnival's Inn. "Inns of Court" are illustrated as on the north of Fleet Street; Guy's Hospital is pictured as on the site of the Marshalsea, and the "White Hart" is transposed to the corner of Newington Causey (sic) and Borough Street (sic). However, to compensate, we suppose, a special prominence is given to Mr. Perker's house (complete with sketch) and ditto of Brick Lane.

PICKWICK LANDMARKS SAVED AND GONE

It is good news to hear that the Assembly Rooms at Bath are to be restored to their old-time splendour, and we understand they will be ready for a grand opening next year, which marks the centenary of Mr. Pickwick's visit. On the other hand, Adelphi Terrace is in the housebreakers' hands, and Osborne's will soon be but a memory. Fort Pitt, Chatham, is to make way for a Technical College.

* "A Handbook to Pickwick Papers," by Logan Clendening. Illustrated. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ALICE IN PICKWICK-LAND

By J. H. McNULTY

T was a fine bright morning, indeed the morning was so bright that if it had gone to a day school it would have been at the top of its ass. Alice was just about to go into the garden when she noticed newspaper on the table, and the words "Pickwick Centenary" ught her eye. As she had learned only as far as words of two llables, she gave up the second word altogether. She counted the llables and made them three or four, she wasn't sure which, but it as certainly more than two whatever way you pronounced it.

The first word seemed much simpler. She knew what pick meant, ou picked flowers, some people picked pockets; and a wick was the ngue of a candle, white when the candle was cold and had not been hted, and red when the candle was well alight. Something like our own tongue, white when you're ill and red when you're well.

But what did Pickwick mean? Perhaps it meant picking a wick, tting a candle out with your fingers instead of blowing it out, a uch better way.

Well, if she stayed here all day worrying about such things she would ver get out. She ran downstairs and into the garden where the ieen and Humpty Dumpty were already waiting for her. The rden was looking more beautiful than ever.

"What a lovely lawn," said Alice, "see how the grass is waving in e breeze. It looks just as if the grass was bowing to me."

"It's not bowing," said the Queen, "it's nodding. It's nod-grass u know."

"I've never head of such a thing," said Alice, "but it is delightful hear the flies and bees humming and buzzing in the air."

'We don't call it buzzing here," said the Queen, "we call it zfuzzing. That's the second mistake you've made."

"I think you're very rude to keep on correcting me in public," said ice, with an offended air.

'That's not correcting," said the Queen, "it's snubbin'."

Looking round, Alice saw a smart-looking gentleman who appeared be enjoying life thoroughly and to be very pleased with himself.

'Good morning," she said, "are you the gardener?"

'No," he replied, "I'm a sportsman. I don't know anything about wers, but if you call me 'peri' I shall become one, or a shell-fish."

'Call you 'peri,'" cried Alice, in astonishment.

nstantly the smart-looking gentleman vanished and a beautiful e flower appeared in a flower-bed near the spot where he had been nding.

'Now, young lady, you have done it," said the little blue flower, told you what would happen."

'Does that come from calling you 'peri'?" she asked.

nstantly the flower curled up and became a little dark-coloured ll-fish, rather like a snail.

"I know what you are," said Alice, "we have you for tea sometimes on Sundays. You're a periwinkle."

"Call me Mister, please," pleaded the little shell-fish.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. ——."

"Winkle," he cried, "that's right," and once more the smart looking sportsman stood before her looking as bright and dapper as ever.

"If you're not the gardener, can you tell me who does look after the place?" she asked, "and who does it belong to?"

"There are several gardeners," said Humpty Dumpty, "and the head one is called the topman. We pronounce it 'tupman' in the higher ranks of society. The garden belongs to the boss, pronounced 'boz' by all the best people."

Alice found all this very confusing, so she went to the other end of the garden, where there was a wicketgate leading into a field. At the gate a gentleman was sitting. He was an Authority. He had sharp eyes, covered with large glasses, a shiny head and a learned face.

"Papers, please!" said the Authority, "you must show your papers, if you wish to pass."

"What sort of papers?" asked Alice.

"There is only *one* sort of papers this year, Posthumous Papers," said the Authority angrily.

And a great many voices all said together (like the chorus of a song) "Don't waste his time, child; why the manuscript alone is worth a thousand pounds an inch."

"How could I know papers were needed?" she asked.

And again the chorus said "Don't make excuses, child, why the misprints alone are worth a thousand pounds a letter!"

"Surely," said Alice, "the print is worth more than the misprints!"

"Don't argue," cried the chorus of voices, "an expert's opinion is worth a thousand pounds a word."

"I don't care if it is," cried Alice, "I'm going to pass," and she pushed her way through the gate into the field beyond.

At the end of the field was a pleasant-looking house. She walked up to it and entered. Inside she found a group of people sitting round a table. Each spoke in turn and appeared to be saying the same thing over and over again.

"It's a great book, said One.

"It's an Immortal Memory," said Two.

"It will never be forgotten," said Three.

"It's a wonderful production for so young an author," said Four.

"I read it through every year," said Five.

"And twice in Leap Year," said Six.

"It's a great book," said the one who had spoken first.

"It's an Immortal Memory," said Two.

"It will *never* be forgotten," said Three.

"It's a wonderful production for so young an author," said Four.

"I read it through every year," said Five.

" And twice in Leap Year," said Six.

" How long have they been saying it ? " asked the child.

" All the year," said the Queen.

" All the year ! " exclaimed Alice, " they must be getting very sick of it by now. Don't you think so ? "

" No," said the Queen, " they like it."

" Don't they ever say anything else ? " she asked.

" Not this year," said the Queen.

At this point, however, there was a change in the conversation. The people at the table noticed Alice's presence and began to speak at her.

" She ought to know this author's name even if she doesn't know her own," said Seven.

" She ought to be acquainted with his characters, even if she has no character herself," said Five.

" She ought to read these Papers, if she doesn't read the daily ones," said Seven.

Then the conversation began again, only quicker now to make up for lost time.

" It's a great book," said One.

" It's an Immortal Memory," said Two.

" It will never be forgotten," said Three.

" It's a wonderful production for so young an author," said Four.

" I read it through every year," said Five.

" And twice in Leap Year," said Six.

" I think they're mad," said Alice.

" I hope," said the Queen with great dignity, drawing herself up to her full height, "I hope you do not use the expression in a common sense but only in its Pickwickian meaning."

" I don't care in what sense or nonsense you take it," cried Alice, but I know I shall go mad if I listen any longer."

" She shouldn't have *far* to go," cried the people at the table.

" It's a great book," said One.

" It's an Immortal Memory," said Two.

Alice put a finger in each ear and rushed out. " I must be off to the Picnic," she said, " or I shall be late."

" You mean the Pickwick," said the Queen following her.

" I mean the picnic," insisted Alice. " We always call it that."

" Not this year," said the Queen. " Picnic is Pickwick in 1936."

" It's a great book," said One.

" It's an Immortal Memory," said Two.

Alice ran away as fast as she could and as she went she heard someone singing this beautiful song and all the birds seemed to be joining in :

In Winter when fog fills the night,
I read this book for my delight.

In Spring when woods are getting green,
I hope to see it on the screen.

In Summer when the sun is strong,
I read it then the whole day long.

In Autumn when the leaves are brown,
I lecture on it in the town.

And when the fields are white with rime
Why then, I read it all the time.

And when the year begins or ends,
This book and I are always friends.

THE CENTENARY BIBLIOGRAPHY

A PART of this work* is already well known to the readers of *The Dickensian*, for Miller and Strange's bibliography of Pickwick has already appeared in our pages. It has stood the test and can be regarded as the final word on this most engrossing subject. It was only natural that at the Centenary this work should be collected in a definite volume since every collector of Dickens First Editions will require such a book in his library.

The value of the book as a whole has been enhanced by the addition of a judicious selection of contemporary criticism; thus we have "The Athenaeum" review of the first nine numbers and the very long criticism which appeared in "The Quarterly Review" for October, 1837, when only the first seventeen numbers were dealt with, which concluded with a admonition which stung Dickens to the quick. "Mr. Dickens wrote too often and too fast" it said, adding that if he persisted in his course, having "risen like a rocket," he would "come down like the stick"; but it added "let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous, and versatile enough to ensure him a high and enduring reputation."

As an appendix to their volume, the authors reprint the very rare pamphlet of Mrs. Seymour in which she claimed that her late husband was the originator of *The Pickwick Papers*.

GHOSTS OF GAD'S HILL

IT is a pity that the writer of this book,† a doctor, should hide his identity, and yet on page 154 give a clue to its revelation by referring to page 1569 of the "British Medical Journal" for 1900, for the full report of a case in which he was the defendant. But we will nevertheless respect his wishes and not reveal his name. Chief among the ghosts of "Ole Man River" is Dickens; not only is he constantly haunting the scene but the opening chapter "Dawn" is full of personal recollections not the least interesting being the account of how the writer when a child was given a lesson in the making of "pothooks and hangers" by Dickens himself in the Chalet at Gad's Hill; for the River family lived adjacent to the Dickens's. There are here, too, the reminiscences of George Woolley, Dickens's gardener, and T. R. Smither, the boy under him, both well worth preserving, and from which we would like to quote did space permit.

* A Centenary Bibliography of *The Pickwick Papers*, by W. Miller and E. H. Strange 10s. 6d. The Argonaut Press.

† "Beloved Ghosts," by "Ole Man River." 6s. John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, Ltd.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

"While Will Hearst was in the Lincoln Grammar School a great, new, permanent influence came into his life, Charles Dickens, his first literary hero, and his literary hero for all time, the one writer that has most completely satisfied Hearst. During the same period the wit of Thackeray and the pageantry of Sir Walter Scott attracted and interested him, but he always returned to Dickens. In this novelist Will found richness and variety of humor, riotous fancy, unequalled genius for characterization, sympathy for humanity and a desire to better the conditions of the world of which he never tired. *Dombey and Son* was his favorite novel, and Captain Cuttle one of his best-liked characters. Again and again he reads the English novelist, and is always astonished and delighted by his variety, humor and understanding. In Hearst's conversation there are frequent references to Dickens. To-day the favorite writers of his own staff are those who have come under Dickens's sway. Many of the crusades sponsored by the Hearst newspapers have been inspired by the spirit of Charles Dickens."—"William Randolph Hearst, American," by Mrs. Fremont Older. (Appleton-Century Co.)

* * * * *

"BUMBLE"

"Swallowfield.—Epitaph on 'Bumble,' one of Charles Dickens' dogs.

"In Swallowfield Park may be seen the spot where 'Bumble' lies, the stone (erected by Lady Russell) which marks the spot bearing the following inscription:

'BUMBLE' . ONE . OF . CHARLES . DICKENS' . DOGS
GIVEN . TO . SIR . CHARLES . RUSSELL . LIVED . FOR
MANY . YEARS . AT . SWALLOWFIELD . AND . DIED
HERE.

THEY . KNOW . NOT . OF . THAT . EMINENCE
WHICH . MARKS . HIM . TO . MY . REASONING . SENSE
THEY . KNOW . BUT . THAT . HE . IS . A . MAN
AND . STILL . TO . THEM . IS . KIND . AND .
GLADS . THEM . ALL . HE . CAN."

—"The Berkshire Book of Song, Rhyme and Steeple Chime," by A. L. Humphreys. (Methuen.)

* * * * *

SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE

"'Cruelty and the abuse of absolute power,' said Charles Dickens, are the two bad passions of human nature.' Dickens was more scientific than those who use these universal passions as a stick to beat any institution which they happen to dislike. Few institutions and few individuals can resist the temptations of absolute power, but if the Inquisition is an argument against Catholicism, the persecution in communist Russia is an equally valid argument against atheism.

"Christ promised two things, first that his Church should endure to the end, and secondly that his Church should never teach error. He never promised that all Catholics, ecclesiastics or laymen, should be magically free from universal human passions, including the passions mentioned by Dickens."—A.L. to J.B.S.H.—"Science and the Supernatural," a correspondence between Arnold Lunn and J. B. S. Haldane. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

* * * * *

HUNTING MEN

"For my part I must confess that I have never found Surtees very funny; perhaps he was quoted at me too much in my youth. The gallery of genial crooks, rascals, and cadgers seems to me to be singularly unattractive. The rogues are gross without greatness; they are like the characters in *Pickwick Papers* would be if Dickens were stripped of his all-pervading humanity. Moreover, they have none of the vitality with which Dickens animated his people; the only distinctive thing they possess is a certain pungency of speech."—"Countrymen," by John Moore. (Dent.)

* * * * *

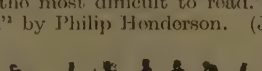
"SUPERS"

"It is an interesting question how long it was before 'supernumeraries' became contracted in theatrical and popular parlance into the now familiar 'supers.' Seemingly the truncation did not take place for a very many years. There is still extant a contract between Elliston, the famous manager of old Drury, and George Smith, the actor, entered into in October, 1822, in which details are given of the regulation charge for benefits, exclusive of the charge for 'new dresses, printing, advertising, supernumeraries, etc.' Dickens, who was familiar with the theatre of his time, uses the full term twice—once in *Sketches by Boz* (1836), and once in *Pictures from Italy* (1844)—but is innocent of its abbreviation." "Those nut-cracking Elizabethans," by W. J. Lawrence. (Argonaut Press.)

* * * * *

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

"The novels of Charles Dickens, good bourgeois though he was, partially revealed the appalling squalor in which the lower stratas of the population were sunk. Having himself known what poverty could mean, the terror of once more relapsing into that state became the mainspring of his enormous creative industry, though the root causes of that poverty, buried in the viciousness of the whole economic system, are largely obscured in his novels by the sticky moss of sentimental 'cosiness' and raucous humour which recommended him to the vast middle-class reading public of his day. Though one can recognise Dickens as an extremely powerful writer, he is, for a generation nurtured on Bernard Shaw, D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley, of all the Victorians the most difficult to read."—"Literature and a Changing Civilisation," by Philip Henderson. (John Lane.)



DICKENS'S EARLY LOVE*

By J. W. T. LEY

AT last we have been given a book of vital importance to all who wish to understand the man Dickens, which should have been given to us many years ago. I have always been at a complete loss to understand why it was withheld. Certainly much more harm than good has been done. The book was published in a limited edition in America some twenty years ago. Extracts only have appeared in this country, and, as Mr. Dexter says, the detractors of Dickens have not hesitated to suggest that some parts of the letters had been expunged, and that there was something in them somewhere that somebody wanted to suppress. They were wrong, but they made much of the innuendo, and succeeded in throwing another shadow of suspicion over Dickens's character. This has been unfortunate, and it has all been so unnecessary, because the letters so far from lessening the stature of the man, in point of fact increase it considerably. That is my opinion, at any rate.

Be it remembered that here is no writing with an eye on the ultimate great public. Here is a very young man truly absorbed by a perfectly clean passion. Do we doubt the purity of David's love for Dora? Do we scoff when he declares that lovers have loved before, lovers may love again, but no lover can, will, or shall, love as he loves Dora? Do we doubt that there is nothing more pure and sincere in our literature than these love passages in *Copperfield*? Here is young Dickens, as yet without a dream of future fame, proclaiming with the same convincing voice of sincerity, the same pure passion for his own silly Dora. Never was more complete autobiography written in the guise of fiction than we have in *Copperfield*. There are passages in these letters that seem to have come down to him through the long corridors of time, practically literally. What the influence of this early love was on his life's work cannot be discussed at the moment, but it was tremendous and lasting, and it was all good.

Disillusionment came, when the mature, fat and silly Maria reappeared. We know that he gave her portrait to the world in *Little Dorrit*, and I have seen that described as ungallant, but was it an unkind portrait? Surely not? Do we not think of Flora Finching always with tenderness, despite her silliness? I say despite her silliness, but it is clear now that he was not so ungallant as he might have been. Flora had the sense to realise the hopelessness of things, and really showed a capital common sense. It is clear that Maria did nothing of the kind, despite the fact that she was married and a mother. It is clear that with a silly sentimentality, which she had better displayed long years before, she made herself a real nuisance, and had to be firmly made to understand the fact.

There is another character that appears here who plays a sinister

* "The Love Romance of Charles Dickens, told in his letters to Maria Beadnell (Mrs. Winter)." With introduction and notes by Walter Dexter. London: The Argonaut Press. 10s. 6d. net.

part. Mary Leigh was the mischief-maker who was the principal influence in parting Dickens and Maria. How chivalrously Dickens treated her in the character of Julia Mills.

No need to dwell on the might-have-been. The could-have-been is plain to see. We have Maria as a silly flirtatious girl who toyed with a brilliant and earnest young man until he tired and could have no more of it. If that were all there might be profit in discussing the might-have-been, but it is not all. We have Maria in middle age, and we know that with her as his wife there could have been no domestic companionship for Dickens. Marriage with Maria would have failed even more certainly than his actual marriage failed. But the sweet dream of that May-time remained with him a purifying influence through all the years, and the world is the better for it.

Out of it all comes this reflection; that the tragedy of Dickens's life was his being thrown into the Hogarth circle so soon after the parting from Maria. To one at any rate the whole story is clear. A young man of strong sensibility is spurned by the girl whom he loves devotedly. In the throes of self-pity—which is the invariable reaction to such an experience—he is suddenly thrown into the company of a family of bright, vivacious young girls. How sweet to lay his head in Catherine's lap and have her minister to his self-pity. When Dora died David went abroad for a year, and ultimately found peace. If Dickens had had a year or two during which work would have been his only solace, would he have ever married Catherine Hogarth? But he met her almost at once, and he was in love with love, and the curtain rose on his life's tragedy.

I have only to add that the book is delightfully produced and that Mr. Dexter's running commentary is wholly admirable.

MONTREAL

The excellent work of the Montreal Branch is still maintained; the membership stands at 339, and Dr. Stephen Leacock is the new President. Many charitable works have been assisted during the past season, particularly those relating to children and old people. A play, "Pickwickian Adventures," with a cast of thirty-one, proved a great success.

MELBOURNE

Dickens's Birthday was celebrated in Melbourne by a Supper at which the President of the Branch, Mr. W. G. Southwell, presided. The President of the Brisbane Branch, Professor Cumbrae Stewart, proposed the Immortal Memory. The Editor of the "Melbourne Age" was also present and spoke. Several members have been giving lectures on Dickens at the Melbourne Public Library where an important Dickens Exhibition is being held in honour of the Pickwick Centenary.

WANTED

Copies of *The Dickensian*, No. 230, Spring 1934. Write Hon. Secretary, The Dickens House.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

The Origin of Pickwick, by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 5s.

A Pickwick Portrait Gallery from the pens of divers admirers. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The Love Romance of Charles Dickens. With introduction and notes by Walter Dexter. Illustrated. The Argonaut Press. 10s. 6d.

A Centenary Bibliography of The Pickwick Papers, by W. Miller and E. H. Strange. Illustrated. The Argonaut Press. 10s. 6d.

Dickens: the Man and the Book, by Ralph Straus. Illustrated. 6s. 6d. Nelson's.

A Handbook to Pickwick Papers, by Logan Clendening. Illustrated. New York, Alfred Knop. $2.50.

Beloved Ghosts, by "Ole Man River." Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd., 6s.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"The Modern Pickwick" (Illustrated), by Gordon Beckles. *Daily Express*, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th March.

"Pickwick." *Morning Post*, 25th February.

"The *Pickwick* Manuscript," by Alan Clark. Illustrated. *Sunday Dispatch*, 1st March.

"Touring the Dickens Country." Illustrated. *The Cyclist*, 26th February.

"Mr. Pickwick Returns to Bath." Illustrated. *Bath Chronicle*, 29th February.

"The Dickens Fellowship Conference and Pickwick Celebrations." *Publishers' Circular*, 29th February.

"The Honeymoon Cottage Controversy." Illustrated. *Kent Messenger*, 29th February.

"Sinclair Lewis and Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton. *Illustrated London News*, 29th February.

"Centenary of Mr. Samuel Pickwick," by J. P. Quaine. *The Advocate* (Melbourne), 6th February.

"Sussex and the Pickwick Centenary," by L. Titman. *Worthing Herald*, 27th February, and *Sussex County Herald*, 28th February.

"Northants' Associations with Pickwick." *Chronicle and Echo*, 2nd March.

"Dickens at the Palladium." *Variety News*, 5th March.

"Mr. Pickwick," by A.T. *Birmingham Post*, 3rd March.

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"A Set of Dickens," by *The London Evening News*, 18th March.
"A Gale of Laughter," by A. G. Gardiner. *The Star*, 19th March and *Yorkshire Evening News*, 23rd March.
"Mr. Pickwick and His Papers," by J.E.H. *Birmingham Gazette*, 19th March.
"How Dickens read *Pickwick*." *The Observer*, 22nd March.
"Mr. Pickwick and the Ponds," by Ivor Brown. *Manchester Guardian*, 21st March.
"Mr. Pickwick Sees it Through," by Robert Lynd. *News Chronicle*, 21st March.
"A Pickwick Period Piece." *The Friend*, 27th March.
"Eatanswill." *East Anglian Daily Times*, 28th March.
"Mr. Pickwick." *Yorkshire Observer*, 28th March.
"Mr. Pickwick." *Edinburgh Evening News*, 27th March.
"Keeping the Memory Green," by Bransby Williams. *Empire News*, 29th March.
"Pickwick Pie." *Sunday Times*, 29th March.
"The Laugh that has lasted 100 years." *Liverpool Post*, 30th March.
"Mr. Pickwick Coming Back to Kent." Illustrated. *Kent Messenger*, 28th March.
"Mr. Pickwick is 100." *Children's Newspaper*, 28th March.
"The English Quixote." *Daily Mirror*, 27th March.
"Mr. Pickwick, 100 Not Out." *Railway Review*, 27th March.
"The Real Mr. Pickwick." *Nottingham Guardian*, 26th March.
"Mr. Pickwick," by Leslie Peake. *Methodist Recorder*, 26th March.
"Pickwickian Memories." *Birmingham Post*, 26th March.
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"*The* Book in a Million," by John Stevenson. 26th March.
"Dickens made a Leeds Boy Cry," by C. C. Murray. *Yorkshire Observer*, 25th March.
"Mr. Pickwick in Oxford." *Oxford Mail*, 25th March.
"An Angel in Gaiters," by Eva Carter. *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*, 23rd March.
"Dickens's Easter Message," by Dr. Boreham. *Quiver*, April.
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"Dickens the Actor." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, 30th March.

"The Miracle of Mr. Pickwick," by J. M. Bulloch. *Daily Record*, 5th March.

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"Charles Dickens: Some Personal Memories" and "Centenary Pickwick." *The Times*, 30th March.

"Pickwick: Centenary of a Great Novel," by Neville Cardus. *Manchester Guardian*, 30th March.

"The Pickwick Centenary," by Bransby Williams. *The Star*, 31st March.

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"The Soul of Dickens Lives in *Pickwick*," by Lord Howart. *Daily Telegraph*, 31st March.

"Our Friend, Mr. Pickwick," by Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D. *Evening Standard, Yorkshire Evening Post*, 31st March.

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"Golden Hours with Dickens," by Owen Carroll (Senr.), and "*Pickwick* 100 Years After." *Morning Post*, 30th March.

"Mr. Pickwick's Century of Fame," by E. Kendall Pearson. *Daily Mail*, 30th March.

"Dickens's Interest in Birmingham." *Birmingham Post*, 30th March.

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"Pickwickiana." Illustrated by Bernard Darwin. *Country Life*, 8th March.

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"Dickens's Visits to Northants." *Northampton Mercury*, 27th March.

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"Mr. Pickwick is 100 and Going Merrily," by Clair Price. *New York Times Magazine*, 29th March.

"At the Centenary of *Pickwick*." *New York Times*, 29th March.

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"Acquaintance renewed," by L.M.W. *The Scotsman*, 31st March.

"The Pickwick Festival." *Times* (leader), 31st March.

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"Dickens in Ireland," by Louis McQuilland. *Cork Examiner*, 31st March.

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"The Other Pickwick." *North Mail*, 31st March.

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"Dickens's most popular work," by J. Sidwell. *Midland Daily Telegraph*, 30th March.

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"Thanksgiving for Pickwick." *Christian World*, 2nd April.

"Pickwick Centenary without a Film," by Bertram R. Carter. *Variety News*, 2nd April.

"Dickens; some personal memories." *The Times* (Weekly Ed.), 2nd April.

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"Pickwick Inns." *Dublin Evening Herald*, 1st April.
"Homage to Pickwick," by A.H.C. *Forres Gazette*, 1st April.
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"East Anglian Associations," by A. J. Carter. *Isle of Ely Advertiser*, 4th April.
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"Low's Topical Budget." Cartoon. *Evening Standard*, 4th April.
"The Morals of Mr. Boz." *Tablet*, 4th April.
"Mr. Pickwick, 100 not out," by John H. Oliver. *Liverpool Weekly Post*, 4th April.
"Pickwick Centenary." *Reading Standard*, 3rd April.
"City Pickwickians." *City Press*, 3rd April.
"Mr. Pickwick 'Boz' and Ipswich." *East Anglian Daily Times*, 5th April.
"Pickwick Pensions." *National Newsagent*, 4th April, also in *Newsagent and Booksellers' Review*, 4th April.
"The Centenary of Mr. Pickwick." *Freethinker*, 5th April.
"Scots were first to recognise the Genius of Dickens," by Wilson McLaren. *Sunday Mail* (Glasgow), 5th April.
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"Runny's Crazy Cavalcade." Cartoon. *Daily Mirror*, 4th April.
"The Ride to Rochester." Illustrated. *Evening Standard*, *Evening News*, *Star*, *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 30th March; *Daily Mail*, *News Chronicle*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *News Chronicle*, *Times*, *Daily Herald*, *Daily Sketch*, *Birmingham Post*, *Nottingham Guardian*, *Nottingham Journal*, *Leeds Mercury*, 31st March; *Irish Independent*, 1st April; *Kentish Mercury*, *Bromley Times*, *Chatham News*, 3rd April; *Dartford Chronicle*, *Kentish Independent*, *Kentish Express*, *Clapham Observer*, *Sidcup Times*, *Kent Messenger*, *The Times* (Educational Supplement), Gravesend Reporter, 4th April; *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, 6th April.
"Visit to Portsmouth." *Hampshire Telegraph*, 3rd April; *Portsmouth Evening News*, 1st April.
"Dickens People Come to Life." Page of photographs. *Weekly Illustrated*, 11th April.
"Pickwick." *Lynn Advertiser*, 3rd April.
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"Broadstairs Memories." *Advertiser and Echo*, 3rd April.
"Mr. Pickwick's Return." *Chatham News*, 3rd April.

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"The Centenary of Pickwick," by E. Beresford Chancellor. *Reading Mercury*, 4th April.

"Mr. Pickwick is 100." *Cumberland Herald*, 4th April.

"Immortal Pickwick." *Illustrated Leicester Chronicle*, 4th April.

"A Great Story in brief." (*The Tale of Two Cities*). *Sunday Circle*, 4th April.

"Dickens in Cork." *Cork Examiner*, 4th April.

"The Pickwick Centenary," by V. C. Clinton Baddeley. *The Listener*, 8th April.

"Dickens in France," by G.M.A. *Birmingham Post*, 8th April.

"A Dream of Strange Women," by "Dum-Dum." *Punch*, 8th April.

"In Honour of Mr. Pickwick." *Baptist Times*, 9th April.

"Mr. Pickwick's Lost Paper," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 9th April.

"Homage to Pickwick," by Richard Prentis. *John O' London's Weekly*, 11th April.

"Dickens's immortal character lends his humour to traders." *Northern Echo*, 2nd April.

"The Origin of 'Bardell *v.* Pickwick.'" *Law Journal*, 18th April.

Reviews of *A Pickwick Portrait Gallery*. *Observer* (Humbert Wolfe), *Sunday Times* (Edward Shanks), *Sunday Referee* (Alfred Noyes), 15th March; *Aberdeen Press*, *Western Mail*, *Daily Express* (James Agate), 19th March; *Spectator* (L. A. G. Strong), 20th March; *Reynolds News* (Lord Ponsonby), 22nd March; *Nottingham Journal*, 23rd March; *The Times*, *Yorkshire Post* (Leslie Aked), 27th March; *Daily Mail*, *Methodist Recorder* (W. Bardsley Brash), 26th March; *Times Litt. Supp.*, *Time and Tide* (Geoffrey West), *New Statesman* (K. John), 28th March; *East Anglian Daily Times*, 30th March; *Birmingham Post*, *Morning Post*, *Manchester Guardian*, 31st March; *Punch*, 1st April; *London Week*, 9th April; *Liverpool Daily Post*, 6th April; *Books of To-day*, April; *Public Opinion*, *Church of England Newspaper* (G.F.Y.), 3rd April; *London Mercury*, April; *Current Literature*, April; *Literary Guide*, May.

Reviews of "The Origin of Pickwick," by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley; *Sunday Times*, by L.R.; *Reynolds News*, 22nd March; *Bristol Evening Post*, 23rd March; *Western Mail*, 26th March; *Yorkshire Post* (Leslie Aked), 27th March; *New Statesman* (K. John); *Times Literary Supplement*, *Country Life* (Bernard Darwin), 28th March; *Scotsman*, 30th March; *Birmingham Post*, *Morning Post*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Western Daily Press*, 31st March; *Methodist Recorder*, *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Aberdeen Press*, 2nd April; *Public Opinion*, *The Guardian*, 3rd April; *Aberdeen Evening Express* (J. M. Bulloch), 1st April; *Punch*, 8th April; *Irish Times*, 18th April; *Current Literature*, April; *Illustrated London News*, 11th April; *South Wales Argus*, 28th April; *London Mercury*, May; *Fortnightly Review*, May.

Visit (Unofficial) to Richmond of the Pickwick Coach. Illustrated *Daily Sketch*, *Daily Herald*, *Daily Mail*, 3rd April; *Richmond Times*, *Richmond Herald*, *Surrey Comet*, 4th April.

"A Period Piece." *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, 11th April.

(*Continued on page* 236)

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A SAUNTER THROUGH KENT

No doubt Kentish readers are already familiar with the series of books under this title, by Sir Charles Igglesden, published at Ashford, by the "Kentish Express." Volume XXX which has just come to hand has a peculiar interest to Dickensians as it deals largely with Broadstairs, and that means much information about the many summers Dickens spent there. The volume is profusely illustrated by delightful pen and ink sketches by Mr. X. Willis.

THE LATE MR. TESSIMOND

THE Fellowship records another sad loss in the death of Mr. G. A. Tessimond, a former President of the Liverpool Branch, and for many years Joint Secretary; he was the Secretary at the time of the 1913 Conference. The branch loses a valuable member whose assistance and judgement were highly esteemed.

A DICKENSIAN'S SIXTY YEARS

WE always knew Mr. F. W. Ashley as a very keen Dickensian, and he has further revealed himself to us in his book of reminiscence* about Mr. Justice Avory, to whom he was clerk for 54 years. His great interest in Dickens is evidenced on many of his pages, and were this number of *The Dickensian* not already full we should refer at length to at least one important Dickens item. We hope however to return to the matter in the September number.

* "My Sixty Years in the Law," by F. W. Ashley. 15/-. The Bodley Head.

"Dickens and Dublin," *Irish Times*, 13th April.
"Pickwick Village." *Austin Magazine*, April.
"The Parish Clerk," by Dickens (reprinted). *Manchester City News*, 10th April.
"Dickens and Rochester," by Henry Smetham. *Chatham News*, 10th April.
"Pickwick's Centenary," by Argus. *Carlisle Journal*, 10th April.
"A Tale of Two Cities Film." Illustrated. *Film Weekly*, *Film Pictorial*, *Illustrated London News*, *Sphere*, 18th April; *Tatler*, *Sketch*, 15th April; *Picture Show*, 25th April.
"A Doughty Street Ditty," *Punch*, 15th April.
"Pickwicking with Pickwick," by Geo. W. Cooper. *Publishers' Circular*, 18th April.
"Pickwick and Warwickshire." *Coventry Standard*, 18th April.
"Pickwick the World Over," by Walter Dexter. *Empire Review*, April.
"Dickens and the L.N.E.R.," by E.G.M. *London and North Eastern Railway Magazine*, April.
"The Pickwick Ride." *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, 31st March.
"How They Voted" (Editorial). *New York Times*, 1st April.
"Mr. Pickwick, Centenarian, still going strong." *Christian Science Monitor*, 30th March.
"The Real History of the Five Sisters Window at York." *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 21st April.
"A Century of Pickwick," by George Long. Illustrated. *Morris Owner*, April.
"Light in Dickens." *Light and Lighting*, April.
"Dickens and Sunday." *The Freethinker*, 26th April.
"One Hundred Years of Pickwick." *Shields Gazette*, 24th April.
"Dickens and Dissent." *Baptist Times*, 30th April.
"In Memoriam" by Clifton Fadiman. *The New Yorker*, 4th April.

MR. PICKWICK 100 ÅR

This was the title of a two-page illustrated article in the Swedish equivalent of our "Radio Times" as a prelude to the Swedish broadcast of Mr. Clinton Baddeley's "Mr. Pickwick's a hundred years old," called "Leve Mr. Pickwick." One who "listened in" to it in London writes that, although he does not understand a word of Swedish, he could follow quite well what was happening, the individual performances being splendid. What particularly amused him was the introduction of "Land of Hope and Glory," but an English atmosphere was necessary, and there is everything in association; the Post Horn Gallop might have meant nothing to the Swedish listener.

PICKWICK IN "VANITY FAIR"

We are all well aware that Thackeray aspired to illustrate *Pickwick* after the death of Seymour; one of our readers reminds us of a further association. In Chapter 7 of "Vanity Fair" "the writer of these pages" looks back with regret at so many things "now departed to the world of shadows," and asks, in recalling "the old honest pimple-nosed coachmen," "Is old Weller alive or dead?" Very much alive, thank you, Mr. Thackeray.

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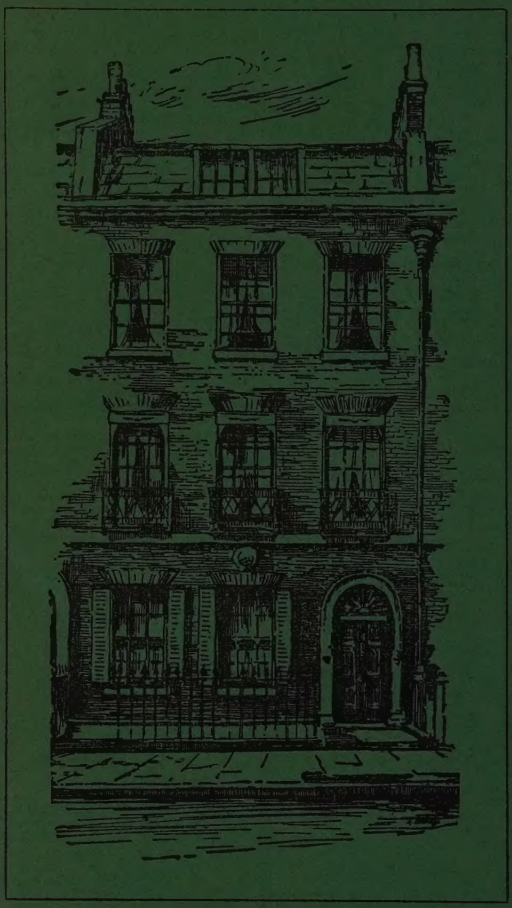

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